New Pictures of Mary Pickford in Her Paris Gowns

Movie Weekly

August 2
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Rod
La Rocque

PHOTO BY
RICHEE

Why Was Lois Wilson Honored Above Other Stars —?

He Steals the Picture-
see page 16

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IF

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALET . . . Is Baby Peggy a heroine to her nurse? A most unusual story about this little girl of the films has been written by Gladys Hall, who saw Baby Peggy and her nurse together. It is profusely illustrated with new and especially posed photographs.

Have You Wondered About Pearl White?

Edward Jose just returned from Europe where he directed Pearl White in her new picture. He has told Alma Talley many interesting things about her and given us some attractive new pictures which will illustrate this article.

There are other treats, too, but, as usual, space forbids further mention.

August 9th Movie Weekly

DON'T MISS IT!

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All Aboard for Stardom

Photograph by Eugene R. Richee

Upon what slender threads hang our destinies . . .

It began when *Estelle Taylor,* who was first selected for the leading lady in *"Feet of Clay,"* couldn't learn to swim.

Now the heroine of this tale simply had to swim, whatever else she did or didn't do. *Cecil B. De Mille* was frantic to find a leading lady. And *Vera Reynolds* finally filled his difficult bill.

All of which means that this young lady is enroute for stardom. For what erstwhile *De Mille* leading lady now lacks a name in electric lights?

Vera has already taken upon herself the well-known *De Mille* manner. Notice her coiffure . . .

Photograph by Monroe

Why Did They Choose Her?

by Gladys Hall

WHY did they choose Lois Wilson to represent the American film industry, or, to be more exact, Famous Players-Lasky at the Cinematographic Garden Party at the Wembley Exposition outside of London, England?

Why?

We asked Miss Wilson herself, in the midst, as she was, of a vortex of packing for her First Trip Abroad. And a trip, too, with all honors flying.

Miss Wilson laughed, put three books in her hat box, crowned the books with three hats and said: "Because I'm not working at present, I guess."

Which modest reply nearly led us off into a field of thought which we will pursue at greater length some other time . . . i. e. . . . screen stars *are* modest, a fact that we have proven by ourself to our own satisfaction. Marion Davies will tell more adverse jokes at her own expense in one hour than most folk will tell in a life time. Richard Barthelmess is so uncertain of himself that he could be talked off the screen in a week. Even Baby Peggy says that she doesn't think she was good in "Captain January," and here was Lois Wilson, honored above all others, chosen to represent her kind in England, saying that she was chosen because she didn't happen to be working.

She probably didn't entirely and exactly mean just that. She couldn't logically, of course. People do not get chosen for high acclaim for so desultory a reason.

We think, nay, we are certain, that we know why she was chosen. And though what follows may seem to you irrelevant and apart from the point, we think you will agree with us when we are done that it is NOT apart from the point, after all.

To begin with, one of Lois' younger sisters, Roberta, was with her helping her to pack. They had been in New York only one day and Lois was to sail early the following morning. Sister Roberta had been shopping for Lois, pressing, folding, mending, buying little surprise gifts, too, while she was about her sister's business. She told with evident relish of how she had been in Stern's department store in the morning with Lois and had asked Lois to leave the jewelry counter on some pretext or other because she wanted to add a string of crystal beads to the other surprises she had bought for her. When Lois obligingly and unsuspectingly departed, one of the salesgirls commented to Roberta on her beauty. "We see a lot of people in here," the girl said, "but she is the most exquisite thing I have ever seen." Roberta quite bridled, she told us, and then informed the salesgirl that the object of her admiration was none other than Lois Wilson, "and," Roberta added proudly, "*I* am her sister." Whereupon the salesgirl did a sort of a cerebral handspring and all the other salesgirls came over and wrote their names on a slip of paper with the request that Lois send them an autographed picture.

Lois wanted, she told us, to take Roberta abroad with her, but she is buying her home in Hollywood, right next to Florence Vidor's, by the way, and buying a home means outlaying money. Lois realizes that the top of the heap today may be the bottom of the ladder tomorrow and she is saving against that problematical rainy season

When we asked *Lois Wilson* why she thought she had been chosen for this honor, she laughed. "Because I'm not busy in the studios at present," she said. It was a modest reply . . . typical of her, but it is not quite the truth. After all, people are not chosen for high acclaim for so desultory a reason.

Wide World Photograph

On the right is a picture of *Miss Wilson* and her sister, *Roberta,* who was at the ship to call *"Bon Voyage."* It was taken by the news photographer just before the call "All ashore . . . going ashore," sounded and the big liner sailed majestically down the harbor.

Above is a camera study of *Miss Wilson* in *"The Covered Wagon."*

Her mother and father and one or two of her sisters and herself all live together.

Then we talked of marriage and of children and Roberta showed me a picture of one of their married sisters' baby boy. Lois said that she doesn't believe she will ever marry. She *may* . . . she hopes she does . . . for children and marriage are, she thinks, the most, the really only worth-while things to look forward to. But . . . she doubts the marriage part of it . . . She has never, she told us, been engaged but once in her life, and that one time informally and to a man out of the profession, which is the reason why it never attained publicity. The other times she has been reported as engaged were all fallacious. She will never marry for money, nor for the power money gives . . . If she had wanted this, she told us, she could have had it. She didn't take it. Perhaps it is that her ideal of love is too high for easy realization and rather than compromise she will go without . . .

BUT not without children. For if she doesn't marry within the next two years she is going to adopt two children. Not infants in arms—there are waiting lists in every city for the tiniest ones, but children from an orphanage from five to six years of age. A boy and a girl. She says that she would love a baby to cuddle, of course, but she has been in orphanages and has seen the little wistful, waiting ones, all hoping that one bright day Someone will come to adopt them. Their beseeching eyes, their helpless expectancy is more potent to Lois than infant arms. As she told about one experience she had in an orphanage with a small girl who asked, "Can't I put my arms around you?" her brown eyes filled with tears. It was the touchstone of her womanhood.

When she adopts the babies, if, in lieu of marriage she does adopt them, she is going to build or buy a little home all of her own, apart from her family. Not, she carefully explained to us, that she doesn't want to live with her parents, but she thinks that her mother, who has raised four daughters, has had enough of children and that her playtime has come. She knows, she says, that if she lived at home with the children her mother would assume responsibility, willy-nilly, and that is precisely what she doesn't want. Besides, she would want to have the children under her own jurisdiction and be obliged to take the full responsibility.

Lois believes that whether or no a woman can successfully combine a career and children depends upon that woman. She thinks that the majority of women with both the personal and professional sides of their natures gratified stay younger longer, are more content, and of more value both to the children and to their work. Because they are complete. Fulfilled.

Skyrockets . . .

. . . are what the personalities of some stars invariably call to our mind. They are flashing and brilliant . . . and they shoot to the high place of fame with a speed worthy of this comparison. But their glory is often short-lived.

Then there are others, quite the opposite, who mask their achievement with a shy and quiet reserve. They build toward their high place slowly and surely. Lois Wilson typifies this latter class. And, remembering a number of her artistic portrayals, we have always wondered why more ado wasn't made over her.

But now it looks as though she had come into her own. For, according to Gladys Hall, the very qualities of her nature which would not permit her to indulge in flashing poses or to call attention to herself are the ones which have brought her this great distinction. She has been chosen to represent the American motion picture profession at the English garden-party at the Wembley Exposition.

Everyone who knows her work on the screen will be interested in reading this article. THE EDITOR.

Now, as we have said, this diatribe may seem beside the point to you. What, you may ask, has all this to do with Lois Wilson being selected to represent Famous Players at the Exposition in Wembley? Why should she be sent abroad, all expenses paid, to appear at the Cinematographic Garden Party to make a speech? To show the British what the film stars really are over here. When there are so many others to choose from . .

She is an American born and bred, you may say. But so are many of the others. She is beautiful . . . but that is granted elsewhere. She is talented. So are they. She is popular. Of course . . . the others have fan mail, too.

It is none of these things specifically. It may be that she is a little more typically the *American* girl than any of the others. Her part in "The Covered Wagon" did a great deal to emphasize that fact. She was born in Pittsburgh, too, which is American, Heaven knows . . . But it is rather more than that . . .

It is the things of which we have written above. The sane, dependable, conservative, love-inspiring, family-spirited, normal things. For what a person is *innerly*, that do they transmit to the world about them. As they live and think and do, so, nine times out of ten, are they judged. Lois Wilson is beloved by her family and loves them. She stands for the home, for marriage, for children, for work. She has ideals and she has practicality. She has achieved success and she has card-indexed it at its proper valuation.

Success does queer things to people. It is often a thief which steals sanity and the very things which one must have in order to hold success. But this has not been true of Lois Wilson and her success. She is as Natural and unassuming today as she was years ago, when she played her first role. She has never served her fame . . . rather made her fame serve her. It is true that others have done this, too, but no one to a greater extent than Miss Wilson.

SHE has been as great as her success. After all, that is the test.

So Famous Players, the Profession, feels that the conservatism, the idealism, the nicety and substantiality of American films are safe in Lois Wilson's delicately perceptive and well-balanced hands. She will give to those who are at Wembley the sort of an atmosphere that will best disabuse their minds of the opinion that all screen stars are Rolls-roystering, painted, precocious off-shoots of a flamboyant Art. They feel safe and sane with Lois. They feel pride. They feel confidence. She sails under high honors and she will return with higher ones.

That, we feel, is why Lois Wilson was the Elect.

The motion picture profession has reason to know that the reputation of their profession is safe in *Lois Wilson's* delicately perceptive and well-balanced hands. She will give to those at *Wembley* an atmosphere which will disabuse their minds of the opinion that screen stars are painted offshoots of a cheap Art. That, we feel, is why *Lois Wilson* was the Elect.

Left and right, two portraits . . .

Photograph by E. R. Richee

This picture of *Mary* and *Douglas Fairbanks*, and *Charlotte Pickford*, was taken one morning on the balcony of their suite in the *Hotel l'Europe*, at *Aix les Bains*, a *French* watering place.

The lounging coat *Doug* wears reminds us of the blazers seen on our own beaches a few seasons ago.

Photographs by Abbe

The charm of all the lovely things *Mary* is bringing home with her from *Paris* lies in their simplicity. *Doug* doesn't want *Mary* to dress theatrically, and, in truth, *Mary* herself prefers the simpler things. Those pictured here were designed especially for her by *Lanvin*, the famous modiste.

The box coat of navy blue, worn with a white tailored skirt, finds its claim to originality in its twistings of white braid and glass buttons. With it *Mary* wears a close fitting blue hat, which takes a military note from its adornment and crushes low over the gold of her hair.

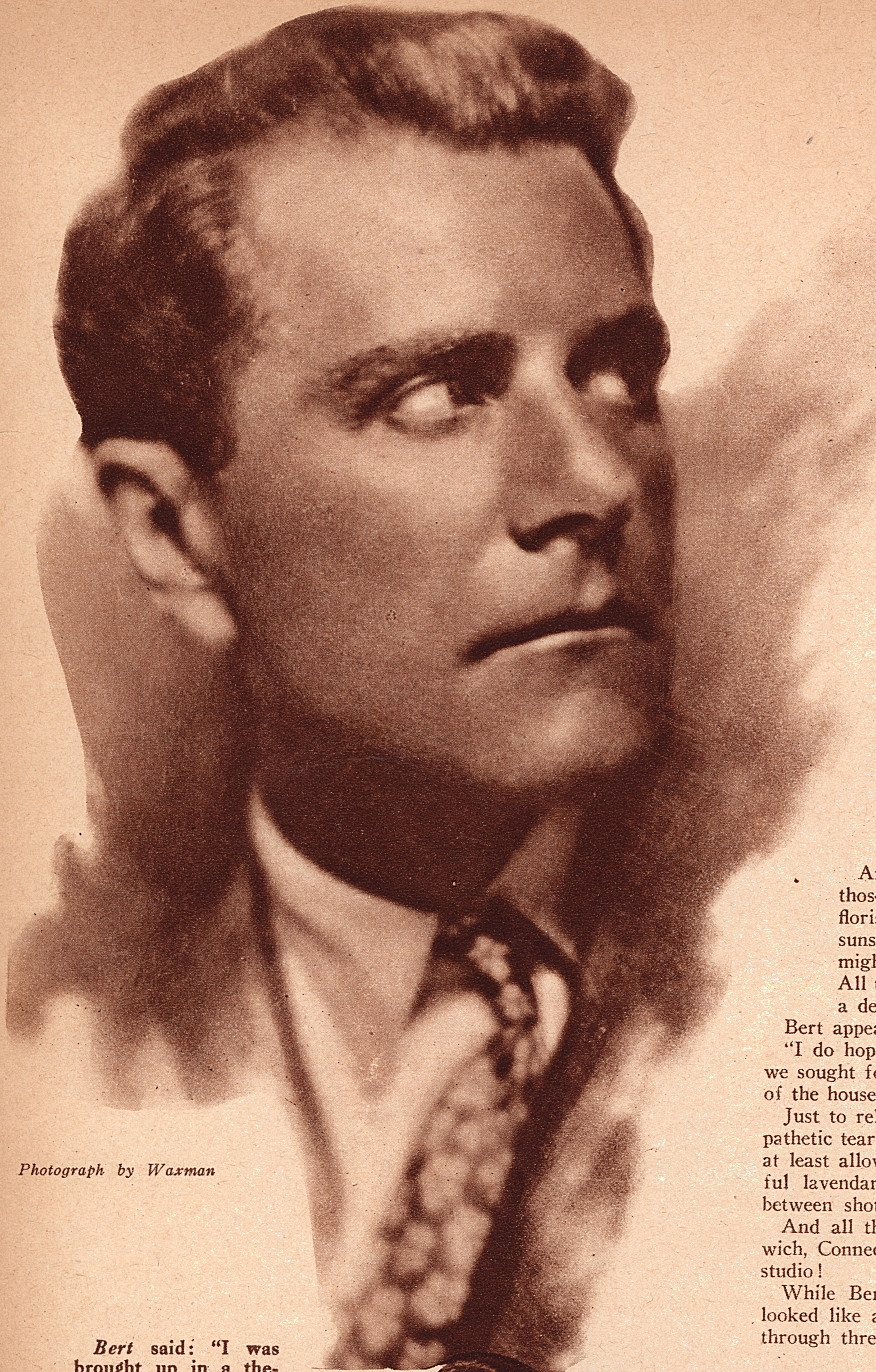
These Creations Were Her Choice

When Mary Shopped in Paris

Mary's negligee is of pale blue brocaded satin, banded about its openings with wide bands of soft marabou.

The little frock at the left is fashioned from one of the pastel shaded crepes, with a pleated skirt and is made gay by the large patch pocket, which is embroidered with bright floss.

And little *Mary Pickford*, the adopted daughter of *Mrs. Charlotte Pickford*, is wearing a chic little red and white gingham frock with corresponding bloomers, which was made for her in *Paris*, and designed by her own *Auntie Mary*.



Photograph by Waxman

Bert

As Alma Talley Saw Him

REPORT has it that Bert Lytell is the best heart-breaker in movies—when he isn't in movies, that is.

So I stilled my fluttering heart and rode miles and miles in the subway to the studio on East 175th Street, New York, to see him. By the time I had puffed pantingly up four flights of stairs to the top stage on the hottest day of the year, I was already on the point of weeping because of him—before I had even seen the man.

And that top stage! Well, if you don't think screen stars earn those famous salaries, go out and sit for an hour or so in your florist's greenhouse on a bright mid-summer day. Let the nice, gentle sunshine caress you through the glass roof; if you feel chilly, you might also turn on a couple of fierce Kleig and Cooper-Hewitt lights. All this I can recommend as a sure cure for those who are going into a decline through grief that they can't become screen stars.

Bert appeared from his dressing room in a tweed suit minus the coat.

"I do hope this isn't one of those frozen North pictures," I suggested, as we sought for the coolest spot, "where you have to come bounding in and out of the house in your cozy bear-skin and warm your hands before the fire."

Just to relieve the suspense, my dears, and before you start shedding sympathetic tears for the poor actors—it isn't that kind of picture. "Born Rich" at least allowed Claire Windsor, standing nearby, to wear a cool and beautiful lavendar chiffon evening frock. Cullen Landis was on the set, too, between shots, in his shirt sleeves.

And all the preceding week the company had been on location in Greenwich, Connecticut, but it was so cold and rainy they had to come back to the studio!

While Bert was telling me this, I was trying to determine whether he looked like a heart-breaker. But it's rather difficult to study a man's looks through three layers of make-up (his, not mine), but anyway, I found him a delightful person.

"It's no joke, playing in pictures in summer," I remarked by way of being sympathetic, referring again to the bake-oven all about us.

"We get well paid for it," Bert protested. He doesn't seem to mind especially . . . perhaps because he has such an inborn love for the theatre. He was born, you might say, with a role in his mouth, coming from a line of stage people . . . his father, his grandfather.

"I was practically brought up in a theatrical trunk," Bert remarked. "The theatre is second nature to me. I think I'll go back to the stage soon; every time I see that square jaw of mine on the screen I feel sure of it. It's more comfortable not to have to see

(Continued on page 29)

Bert said: "I was brought up in a theatrical trunk . . . and every time I see my square jaw on the screen I come a little nearer a return to the stage."

On the right, *Bert* and *Claire Windsor,* who, it is alleged, plan to marry when a divorce decree makes it possible, signing insurance policies of fifty thousand dollars each. The policies, it might be said, are in favor of the company for whom they are appearing in *"Born Rich."*

The True Story of My Life ~

Photograph by Nickolas Muray.

Betty Blythe

***Editor's Note:** In writing of her first taste of fame, Miss Blythe does not forget to tell of the celebrities she met in Hollywood . . . of Rudolph Valentino, before he "arrived" . . . and of Ramon Novarro, before he even thought of the motion picture studios . . . of Lon Chaney . . . and of the writers she met from time to time, among them Maeterlinck and Elinor Glyn*

[*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS ON PAGE* 26]

THERE was not a moment to be lost, but which way to go? The dog, whose leash I still held in my hand, fortunately decided the matter for us and, dashing in his terror up a crevice in the mountainside, dragged my weakening body through some underbrush that was already starting to burn—the flames, however, not yet high enough to catch the hem of my dress. My only thought was to protect the baby and trust to the dog to drag us to safety.

My Indian moccasins caught fire and burned on my feet, but I shook them off as we rushed up this crevice, which unfortunately proved to be an open draft that fanned the flames up almost as fast as I ran. I wonder whether my heels were scorched most from fire or from my speed!

Still holding to my precious burden and being pulled by the dog, I finally got to the top of the mountain, out of danger, where dear Lon Chaney was the first to reach me, although all the other men were calling my name and even walking into the flames in their search for me. Needless to say, we didn't put the kerosene so close to the path when, in an hour's time, we did it over less dangerously.

The next day Mr. Chaney, Lewis Stone and I stood for three hours in the artificial lake, while close-ups and long shots were filmed, but I must admit I greatly preferred the water to the flames. It was the end of the picture and this comprised the last day's work, but after all these hardships, we hated to say good-bye to one another, because it had been a pleasant engagement, though eventful, to say the least.

It is with exceeding joy, four years after this experience, that I witness Mr. Chaney's tremendous screen success. His thoroughness in the task he undertakes, his unfaltering bravery and his thoughtful, gentle kindness to everyone, renders him a man to admire as a gentleman as well as a superb artist.

The next production was "Mother of Mine" at the Ince lot, under the superfine direction of Fred Niblo, one of the master minds of directorial genius.

In this production I played a cruel "heavy"—a dope fiend and derelict, and though my part was not to the liking of my Puritan aunts and some of my "fans," still it was a characterization I loved doing. I hope I may repeat the type in a future picture—with a more sympathetic ending, however, and one of my greatest ambitions is to work for Mr. Niblo again.

One time when I was making a personal appearance in *Fort Worth, Texas*, the *Police Chief* called me by phone and asked me if I had received flowers from a young lady by the name of ————. I told him I had to discover that she was in jail because she had forged two checks to pay for the roses and orchids she had sent me.

At this time I was living at the Hollywood Hotel, seeing and meeting many of the stars of the screen, and thoroughly interested in the throng of artists who had accomplished great things, the association spurred me on to further accomplishments. Among them were such names as Viola Dana, Pauline Frederick, Allan Dwan, Clara Kimball Young, Anita Stewart, that clever, gifted star with the beautiful hands—Edith

Storey; Charlie Ray, Buster Keaton, and in fact all the celebrities of which Hollywood boasts. One of the most charming acquaintances I made, however, was with Elinor Glyn. I admire her extravagantly because her wit and mentality are such a stimulus. Among other literary lights, I had the honor of knowing Rita Weiman, Sir Gilbert Parker, Leroy Scott, Maeterlinck and many others.

It was here that I was first introduced to Rudolph Valentino, at one of the usual Thursday night dances. He danced beautifully but was not the center of attraction as he is today wherever he goes, for he was at that time playing but small parts in the various studios and not yet distinguished as a screen artist, although always distinguished as an interesting-looking man with the most charming and courteous manner.

***Ramon Novarro*, then unknown in the studios, studied in the same class of interpretative dancing with me. He longed to pay the role of *King Herod* in a performance of "*Salome*" we were giving . . . and when the man who was to play this part was taken ill on the opening night, he was given his opportunity. I can see him now jumping with joy upon hearing the news.**

On the left is a character study of *Betty Blythe* in her role in "*Chu Chin Chow*."

I HAD decided that a course of pantomimic work would be of value to me, and therefore joined Marian Morgan's class of interpretative dancing. I pranced and cavorted, Spanish-ed and Egyptian-ed, and exerted my luxury-loving body to the utmost. Through Mrs. Morgan's tremendous mental force, vitality and remarkable technique, I improved my acting ability one hundred per cent, learning to control my body and make it the medium of dramatic expression as well as an ornament. I used to leave her studio mentally and physically exhausted, but the combination of drama, rhythm and music so fascinated me that I did not mind. My health was also greatly improved.

Mrs. Morgan had at that time in her classes many talented people, among them Ramon Novarro, who had studied with her a number of years, and with his ability and extreme beauty of form, was easily distinguished as her most promising and talented pupil, and held up to us as an example of correct physical deportment and technique.

Mrs. Morgan was requested to produce with her pupils an act for the Community Theatre of Hollywood, and decided upon "Salome," to be done in pantomime. I was given the role of Queen Herodias, while John the Baptist was played by a picture actor. The role of King Herod was given to the well-known screen artist, George Siegmann.

We rehearsed every night for three weeks and it was very amusing to see Ramon Novarro buckle down and rehearse the role of any absentee, be it a slave girl, John the Baptist or Salome herself. He was full of unrestrained emotional fervor and his acting was a series of convulsions and grimaces in direct contrast to the subdued artistry of his work on the screen today.

He longed to play the important role of King Herod, but with his angelic, boyish face and big brown eyes, he looked as little like that royal tyrant as a baby in arms. He had pled for the part and been refused, but oh boy! how he loved to substitute for it when our Herod would fail to appear at rehearsal.

Finally, the big night arrived, and this tragic pantomime, as arranged by that great artist, Mrs. Morgan, was ready. We were all excited and keyed up for the opening performance when, to our dismay, King Herod telephoned that he was called away on "location" for a picture and could not be with us.

RAMON leaped for joy when he was told to make up for the part, and when he emerged from his dressing room, looking more like a boy bandit or a Salvation Army Santa Claus with his beard dyed a blue black, all the twenty-three actors, slave girls, dancers and the rest swarmed about him. Ramon took himself so seriously, however, that we consented to accept him at his own estimate—as the highly dramatic and awe-inspiring head of an ancient dynasty. Finally we heard the weird music of our orchestra and the curtain went up. The slaves were whirling in a riot of colored silks and chiffons and the actual pantomimic drama emerged from that prologue.

Salome entered, then John the Baptist, while I, standing in the wings, waited anxiously for my cue. I was dressed in an Oriental costume of beads and pearls—in fact, a regular Betty Blythe outfit.

It had a long train of about five yards which swung from the hips, and owing to the fact that the stage was very small, with very little room behind the scenes, the train could not be spread out, but must be unfolded by my maid as I mounted a flight of steps leading up to the queen's throne. Suddenly, I heard my cue. With royal dignity I strutted forth. Halfway to my throne I heard the ominous sound of something tearing, but strode on, only to be suddenly yanked to a standstill by my train catching on an obstruction and being torn from my hips, leaving me standing in center stage quite embarrassingly denuded. I stood petrified, then burst into laughter as the curtain was rung down for first aid to the injured gown, and later the act was resumed without further tragedy other than the beheading of John the Baptist.

The pantomime proved so highly interesting and unique to the Community Theatre audiences that we were requested to remain a second week, during which time the Keith manager begged Mrs. Morgan to put it out in vaudeville because it was such an artistic triumph.

Ramon continued as the bombastic, ponderous Herod, fairly wallowing in his emotional abandonment and, though (*Continued on page 26*)

During the making of "*The Queen of Sheba*" I had worked myself up into a state of spiritual turmoil and mystification for a scene in which my child was supposed to die and I was supposed to see a revelation of the angels. When I raised my head, sobbing over my dead son, and looked into the ray of light which was shed over me, I saw, instead of angels, the pedal extremities of a dozen carpenters shod in heavy brogans.

On the left is another study of *Miss Blythe* in "*Chu Chin Crow*."

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Back to the Old Derby, Shoes and Cane

Cheer up! *Charlie Chaplin* is making comedies again. And while we are among the many who think his dramatic *"A Woman of Paris"* one of the greatest motion pictures ever made, we are not willing that he forget the funny, pathetic little man with the big shoes, who will some day be remembered as one of the historical figures of motion pictures.

So, we are glad to publish these pictures from his new comedy, dealing with the *Klondike* in the days of the gold rush, the title of which has not yet been decided upon.

In the panel at the top of the page is an off-stage picture showing one of the scenes being filmed. The location is the summit of *Mt. Lincoln* in the high *Sierras.*

Just above is a picture of *Charlie* in this new role of a sourdough . . .

On the left is *Lita Grey,* chosen by *Chaplin* for his leading lady. *Chaplin* declares she has the "spark" and predicts for her a great success.

And on the right is a typical *Chaplinesque* scene.

Welcome back to the comedy fold, *Charlie.*

Photograph by Russell Ball

Mr. and Mrs. Tony

The *Antonio Morenos* have returned to their beautiful *Spanish* home in the *Hollywood* foothills after a month's sojourn in *New York* . . . and *Tony* is now engaged upon *"The Border Legion."*

Incidentally, *Mrs. Moreno* is the daughter of *Canfield,* the late oil king.

Across the Screen

We believe our reviews will prove a decided help in the selection of motion picture entertainment. And beginning in a week or two they will be published so that they may readily be filed for reference from time to time. The ratings should prove of special assistance and we invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of the pictures they see.

RATING: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%.

By Harriette Underhill

"CAPTAIN JANUARY"

The cast includes: Baby Peggy, Hobart Bosworth, Irene Rich, Harry T. Morey, and Emmett King.

Rating: 80%

"Children should be seen and not heard" is true, perhaps, but they should not be seen too much. In other words, the child has yet to be born who could hold the interest of the spectators through the showing of a six-reel picture.

Baby Peggy is and always will be our favorite child actress. She is aloof and she has the same sort of smile which has baffled everyone who gazes on the Mona Lisa. But—and here comes the sad part of it—Baby Peggy is not nearly so interesting in "Captain January," her first six-reel picture, as she was in her two-reel comedies.

Captain January is one of those angel children, second only to Elsie Dinsmore in perfection, and Baby Peggy is a comedienne of the first water. So, deprived of a chance to shine in her own field, little Miss Montgomery's charms are in a measure wasted.

If you have "a little boy or girl" in your home, however, do not fail to take her or him to see "Captain January." You will be repaid by the squeals of delight, even if you are not enjoying it yourself, and perhaps you will.

The little star is always a joy, and some good acting is contributed by Hobart Bosworth, Irene Rich and Harry Morey. Also, the sea is at its very best in this tale of a lighthouse keeper and his protege.

Edward Cline directed "Captain January" from the famous old story by Laura E. Richards.

It is a picture, however, which has many "moments"—scenes that in themselves are entertaining, funny, pathetic, or what not. It is as an entirety that it palls. But, as we've said—it may *not*.

"A WOMAN WHO SINNED"

The cast includes: Mae Busch, Morgan Wallace, Irene Rich and Rex Lease.

Rating: 90%

Finis Fox has produced a picture called "A Woman Who Sinned," a melodrama well described by its title.

It is intensely interesting, but we did wonder how it ever got past the censors! Women may murder, steal, lie, or commit arson, but just let them try to go "the easiest way" and they find no favor in the films.

Mae Busch is the star in this newest F. B. O. picture, which Mr. Fox wrote and directed, and never yet have we seen her do such good work.

In the first part of the story she is seen as the wife of a humble minister who teaches the word of God to some fisher folks who fish for cod all the week and go to church on Sundays.

Led astray by the haughty villain with a black mustache, the wife tries the primrose path in the big city, but is finally led back into the fold by her own son, who has grown to manhood and is known as "the boy evangelist."

A new juvenile, named Rex Lease, plays this part. Not only is he a fine actor, but he looks exactly like our own Cullen Landis.

Irene Rich plays another one of those sweet women for which she is famed; but, in this case, she is allowed a cessation for the moment when she shoots her wicked husband.

It was deferred but welcome retribution. "A Woman Who Sinned" is an interesting picture if you like melodrama.

The acting has an expert quality all through. There is skillful team-work and each performance is distinctive and memorable in itself. Finis Fox had done a thoroughly capable job as producer, director and author. But wait till "A Woman Who Sinned" gets to Pennsylvania! Then we'll see what the censors do! Even censors like good melodrama, though.

Baby Peggy is a comedienne of the first water. So in this story where she is an angel child, second only to _Elsie Dinsmore_ in perfection, she is deprived of a chance to shine in her own field.

If you have a little boy or girl in your home do not fail to take him or her to see _"Captain January."_ You will be repaid by squeals of delight, even if you do not enjoy it yourself . . . and perhaps you will.

"BETWEEN WORLDS"

The cast includes: Walter Janssen, Lil Dagover, Karl Huzzar and other foreign players.

Rating: 90%

A picture called "Between Worlds" has been described as "a picture to make people think." Now, no doubt this is true, but we wonder if all of those who see it are thinking just what the producers would like them to think. What we thought when we saw it was that it might have been so much better than it is.

Of course, it is intensely interesting because it is so different and, indeed, all of the German films are "different." Whatever else one thinks about them, it never can be said that the themes are hackneyed.

Two of the finest examples which have come to this country were "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem." "Between Worlds" might have been as interesting as either of these, we think, if somebody had not let the main idea go straying.

It is, presumably, a story told by a mad apothecary, who said that he had it straight from the maiden herself.

In Munich there lived a pair of lovers, and when the boy was lured from the side of his inamorata by a tall, gaunt stranger (Death), she sought him all over the world. Then the Stranger took her to the top of a mountain and showed her through the ages and what she had been in former incarnations.

The girl and her lover had always been parted because her love was selfish. They could only be united, the Stranger said, when the girl had learned to conquer self.

In the Chinese episode the spectators are supposed to be awed and amazed at the black art practiced by Li Ang; but when it comes to magic carpets and disappearing potions, nobody in the world can do it so well as Douglas Fairbanks has done it in "The Thief of Bagdad." A beautiful woman named Lil Dagover plays the girl.

The lover and the Stranger are interestingly portrayed by Walter Janssen and Bernard Goetzke. Fritz Lang wrote the story and directed the picture, and the American adaptation was made by Katherine Hilliker.

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"LOVE OF WOMEN"

The cast includes: Helene Chadwick, Marie Shotwell, Montagu Love, Mary Thurman and Maurice Costello.

Rating: 80%

Whitman Bennett has put out his first picture, made with Helene Chadwick, and has called it "Love of Women."

Miss Chadwick plays a young wife—it seems as though no producer can get away from the idea that Helene is just a wife—and she comes under an evil influence which threatens to wreck her life. Only in this case it is the influence of a mother. But there are all sorts of mothers and finally, because she is a mother herself—the right sort—the young wife returns to the fold.

The story is rather conventional, but it is interesting because of the treatment which it has received. Whitman Bennett is a director with imagination and he is aided and abetted by an excellent cast.

Lawford Davidson is seen opposite Miss Chadwick in the role of the husband, and Montagu Love, who used to play heroes so sweetly, is the big villain in the case. Mary Thurman, Maurice Costello and Frankie Evans are also in the picture.

If you like domestic dramas with a "mamma love papa" ending, here is one you might learn to care for.

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"THE WHITE SHADOW"

Starring Betty Compson, supported by Clive Brook.

Rating: 75%

Reviewed by John W. Vandercook

You will perhaps recall that Betty Compson went to England some time ago to make some pictures for a British film concern. Then she came back to this country and expressed great enthusiasm at viewing the Statue of Liberty again. Small wonder. "The White Shadow," one of the pictures the star made while abroad, inclines one to think the trip was not a howling success.

Occasionally a fine film is made in Europe. But then it is detained at the custom's house. Evidently the Protectionists felt "The White Shadow" wouldn't spoil the American film business and said nothing.

It is the tale of an English girl of hard-boiled manner—a "hoyden," as we used to say back in '69, who has for a twin sister the direct antithesis of herself—a saccharine and sweetly-pretty lass with curls, et al. Miss Compson, you will be startled to learn, fills both roles.

All sorts of things happen. The obstreperous sister goes thoroughly wrong and takes to Sin and Cigarettes in Paris. But she leaves a masculine admirer behind who transfers his affections to the calmer sister—never knowing, probably due to a blow incurred when he crashed from his crib in his early youth—that this one isn't the other one.

We have told enough. But, in parting, let us announce that a feebler and more maladept job of directing has seldom affronted these old eyes. The photography is naught to boast of, either.

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"FLAPPER WIVES"

The cast includes: Rockcliffe Fellowes, May Allison, and William Long.

Rating: 75%

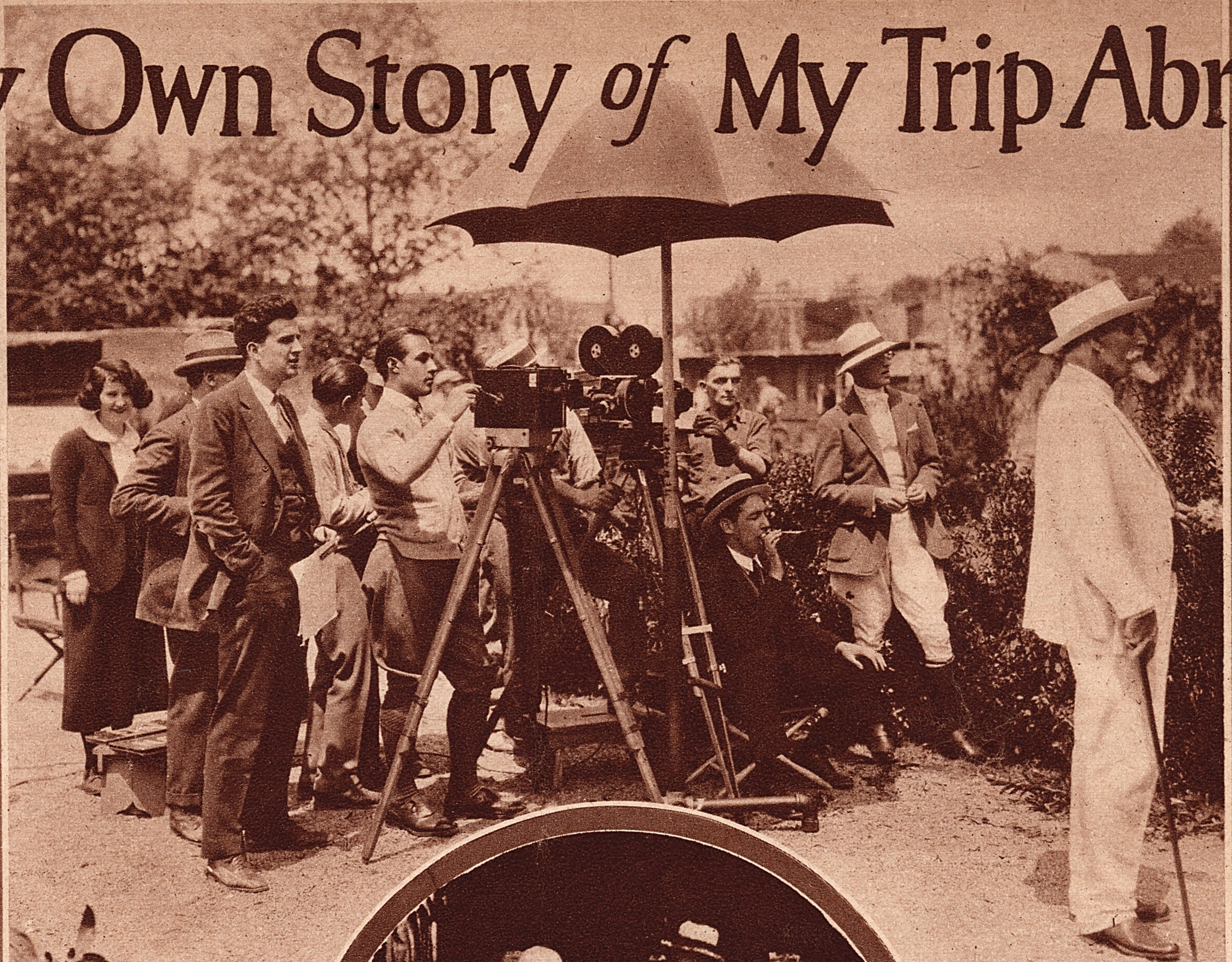
"Flapper Wives" is another

(*Continued on page 31*)

"*A Woman Who Sinned*" proves that a woman may murder, steal, lie and commit arson on the screen and the censors will not object . . . but she finds no favor when she even suggests going "the easiest way."

Another motion picture has come from *Germany* . . . it is *"Between Worlds."* It is interesting because it is different from our own pictures, but it might have been so very much better.

My Own Story *of* My Trip Abroad



I went back to get the jewel bag I had entrusted to the sailor. As I walked on to the dock I saw the transport working her way through the mad dervish of the sea and there was the sailor, as honest a fellow, surely, as could be found. He held the jewel bag in his hand. I *was* relieved.

Above is a recent picture of *Valentino* filming one of the scenes for his next picture, *"The Sainted Devil"* . . . and on the right are *Rudy* and *Natacha* leaving a *French* shop.

By Rudolph Valentino

Cherbourg, October 6th.

AFTER this terrifying experience trying to board the *Leviathan*, we finally made the dock again, with more pitching and tossing, more ravenous embraces of waves and more tumultuous pelting of rain than I would have believed it possible for three people in a frail craft to live through. Had I seen such a scene as this one on the screen or read about it in a book, I would have said that they were stretching credulity and reality to past the breaking points. Which only goes to prove that nothing, after all, *can* be stranger than reality.

Once safely (and wetly) on the dock again, we had to go back and unload all of the trunks. Nine of them. Big ones. The truck had gone. I had to scout around and get a pushcart, help load the pushcart and then trundle it off to the Customs House, the only place where the trunks would be watched and be safe.

Then I went back to the dock again to get the jewel bag. It isn't quite fair to say that I went with misgivings, perhaps, but I did . . . Anything might have happened on a night like that. But as I walked on to the dock I saw the transport working her way through the mad dervish of the sea and there was the sailor, as honest a fellow, surely, as could be found, with the jewel bag intact in his hand. I was so glad!

I had left Natacha in the little cafe, where, previously in the evening, we had had coffee and warmth. It was now about five in the morning. The thing now was a hotel . . . But what a thing to find! They told us in the cafe that the Casino was the best hotel in town, but the rooms, they also said, were all taken. General Pershing, it seemed, was on the *Leviathan* and the rooms had all been reserved ahead.

We went then, to the next best place, the Hotel de France. Imagine us appearing there at five-thirty in the morning, bedraggled, soaked to the skin not once but many times, weary almost unto the death we had so narrowly escaped.

Natacha said, "What a publicity story *this* would have made!"

I smiled rather grimly and said, "The tale of another Shelley at the end at least!"

At the hotel here the owner said, "No room now, but if you wait half an hour, there are some traveling salesmen who will be leaving and we will then be able to give you some kind of accommodation."

In any lesser occasion I would have quibbled about the aforesaid accommodation, but now . . . any hole in the wall would have seemed refuge to us then . . . Life is all a matter of the comparative, anyway . . .

So we finally had another cup of coffee and waited some more. Our faces were assuming the set expression of stoical patience against all odds. We were sinking into the last lethargy—that of complete and utter resignation. Resignation, I often think, should be the last resource of the suffering. It is a sort of pale and passionless Heaven, where the ills of body and soul are absorbed, soaked up. It is a form of Nirvana.

At last and eventually, after what seemed to be a lifetime and a long and strenuous one compressed into one dark and dreadful and thoroughly nightmarish night, we reached this room.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Photograph by Eugene R. Richee

Strange to Say the Stars Adore Him Even Though

HE STEALS THE PICTURE

HAVE you ever read a review of an important movie which began something like this: "Mr. ———, who is starred in 'So-and-So,' this week at the Such-and-Such Theatre, gives an able enough performance, but the real acting honors go to Mr. Noah Beery, cast in the role of the villain." You undoubtedly have, for such a comment has been incorporated in thousands of film reviews the world over.

And that sort of thing, you must know, if you have any knowledge of the theatre and the people of the theatre, makes bad blood.

Noah Beery, from the actor's standpoint, is filmland's worst bandit. He has "stolen more stuff" than any other unstarred player who appears before the camera.

But has he enemies? Do those whose talent he outshadows hate him? He has not and they do not. On the contrary. Few men are better loved or more honored among their fellow-players than Noah Beery. Beery, the man, is *such* a man that he has even been forgiven for the unforgivable sin of being a better actor than the stars with whom he appears.

It requires no psychic or imaginative powers to discover why. Just look at the man! Try to see through the beard and matted hair which usually convert him into one of the obnoxious beings he portrays in celluloid. Particularly observe his eyes.

There is generosity, staunchness, warm-heartedness in the man. In a better and briefer word—personality. It is in those qualities and in the everlasting display of those qualities that there lies the open secret of his complete freedom from the enmity that usually comes to those thieves of admiration who "steal the stuff" of stars.

Perhaps the most obvious explanation lies in the fact that Mr. Beery is not an ordinary "thief." He doesn't try to detract attention and acclaim from those who fill the more important roles in the films in which he works. He does his absolute best not to. But if he simply can't avoid being a more definite and dynamic mortal than his fellows—well, it can't be helped.

Mr. Beery has a home in Hollywood where he lives an orderly and delightful life with Mrs. Beery and Noah, Jr.—better known as "Hon Boy," his son, heir and chief enthusiasm. His home is a rendezvous of many friends—the final and greatest tribute which can be paid to anyone—particularly to an actor.

Just now he is appearing in "The Female," Betty Compson's starring vehicle. Ask Miss

Just now—and we know this to be a fact—*Noah Beery* is holding off a certain director who wants him for a big part in a picture. For there is another actor of somewhat *Beery's* type who would also like that part . . . and that actor *needs* that part. *Beery* doesn't.

At the top of the page is a conventional portrait of *Noah Beery* . . . all dressed up, shaved . . . and everything.
And on the left is *Noah* with his make-up kit while on the desert location for his work in *"Wanderer of the Wasteland,"* the thrilling picture which is all in natural colors.

By
Grace Kingsley

Compson how she feels about having such a serious menace to herself in the company with her.

She is perfectly delighted! "I know it," she will say. "I know there is the possibility he may get the better notices and 'steal the picture,' as he has many times before. But the inspiration, the wonderful help and pleasure that one has in working with him makes the risk more than well repaid. I'm in luck!"

BEERY has a way of leading his players in the right artistic direction, of giving them instinctive aid to an effect or to an understanding of a role or a situation which is in some curious way incontestably *right*. He is "creative" in a way few actors are—and his compeers partake and benefit from that creativeness.

He has just finished an important part in support of Pola Negri in the picture which the eminent Russian director, Dmitri Buchowetzki, directed for her. The "Tempestuous Pole" is scarcely one to welcome with any vast enthusiasm one who has won for himself such a reputation as a magnet of critical praise. But Madame Negri also happens to be wise enough to realize that an able supporting cast helps her own work. She has told everyone that she has seldom received such help and co-operation from a fellow-artist in her career.

One or two critics have stated they consider Beery the "real star" of "Wanderer of the Wasteland," the new color-process film in which Jack Holt is the central figure. Beery is annoyed.

"I hate to have things like that happen," he says. "But, do you know, I rather think Mr. Holt was pleased! He has been generous to a fault in speaking to me about it.

"Though it's nonsense!"

Just now it happens that Mr. Beery is holding off a certain director who wants him for a big part in a forthcoming picture. But, you see, there is another actor of somewhat Beery's type who would also like that part. And this other actor just now *needs* that part. Beery knows it. And Beery doesn't actually need the work. Do you see?

That is typical. Yet not the tiniest shred of information in regard to his many generosities, kindnesses and frequent charities could ever be gleaned from conversation with Beery himself. Information of that sort is volunteered by others.

Accuse him of it and he'll try to deflect the conversation into other channels. Persist and he will, perhaps, murmur something about his being happy to help a bit now and then where he can—or, at least, sympathize—for he remembers his own lean days when the papers didn't sell and the benches in park shadows were hard beds. But he will never elaborate on the theme.

MORE likely he'll tell this anecdote—especially when you accuse him of having a monopoly on popularity.

"There are some who aren't so keen, you know, about me! The other day I asked an actor how he was and how things were going, and so on, and he glared at me and replied, 'I'm getting up a society for the suppression of the Beery boys!'"

He has some enemies, of course, but they are unimportant and small scattering. His friends are legion. He is capable of having friends and just as able to *be* a friend.

This story has come to us. It is true and it is demonstrative of why Beery, the man, has so completely overcome the disadvantage which Beery, the actor—the notorious "stealer of (*Continued on page 29*)

Noah Beery, from the actor's standpoint, is filmland's worst bandit. He has "stolen more stuff" than any other unstarred player who appears before the camera. But *Beery*, the man, is *such* a man that he has even been forgiven the unforgivable sin of being a better actor than the stars with whom he appears.

Above are the *Beery* brothers, *Wallace* and *Noah* . . . to the left is *Noah*, with *Noah, Junior*, or *"Hon, Boy."* And below, *Mr. Beery* poses for a picture with the usherettes of a *Hollywood* theatre.

On the Set

Being the Last Word Concerning Social and Profes-

Ramon Novarro presents his brother, *Eduardo*. You'll know *Eduardo* better when you see *Ramon's* next picture, *"The Red Lily."* For in this picture *Eduardo* plays *Jean*, the hero, as a child. Then *Ramon* gives him his adult being.

Victor Seastrom, director, looks on with great interest when *Lon Chaney* demonstrates the make-up he will use in the title role of the clown in *"He Who Gets Slapped,"* on which both of these men are now busily at work.

Will Hays, "Czar" of the motion picture industry, has ordered an immediate and drastic reform in the matter of film titles. A general order has been sent by him to all producing companies, requesting that the tendency toward lurid and arresting names which has been so apparent in recent months be curbed at once. He has also commented unfavorably on the propensity certain producers have recently shown to adopt a style of conflagratory advertising posters depicting amorous and somewhat *too* dramatic scenes. The Famous Players-Lasky concern has been especially requested to institute reforms in these matters and are reported as having been wholly amenable to suggestion and desirous of doing everything possible for the general good of the industry. Sixteen titles in their next season's list are said to have been ordered changed. It is believed that by next fall titles such as "Wandering Husbands," "Unguarded Women," "Wild Moments," "The Golden Bed," and "Playthings of Fire" will be rarities.

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D. W. Griffith and his company have sailed for Europe to take a series of the more important scenes in the noted director's forthcoming super-feature now titled "The Dawn." The script for the story was prepared by Geoffrey Moss, a British novelist, and provides opportunities for the use of a cast which Mr. Griffith will recruit from all nations. Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton, featured players in "America," are to have important roles.

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Conway Tearle has been selected to play the star role opposite Alice Terry in the screen production of William Vaughan Moody's famous stage play, "The Great Divide." Production has already started under the direction of Reginald Barker and the film will be released some time next fall.

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Mary and Doug are on their way home! Indeed, by the time this is printed, they will be back.

They want to stop over in Paris for the Olympic games, but if they don't find these exciting enough, they will leave in the middle, sailing on July 9th. If, however, Doug and Mary, or either of them, finds he or she just can't bear to leave, why then they will sail a week later.

Neither Doug nor Mary has announced any plan as to what their next pictures will be, but Mary has written Ernst Lubitsch, who will direct her next feature, to be on the lookout for a story for her with plenty of comedy in it.

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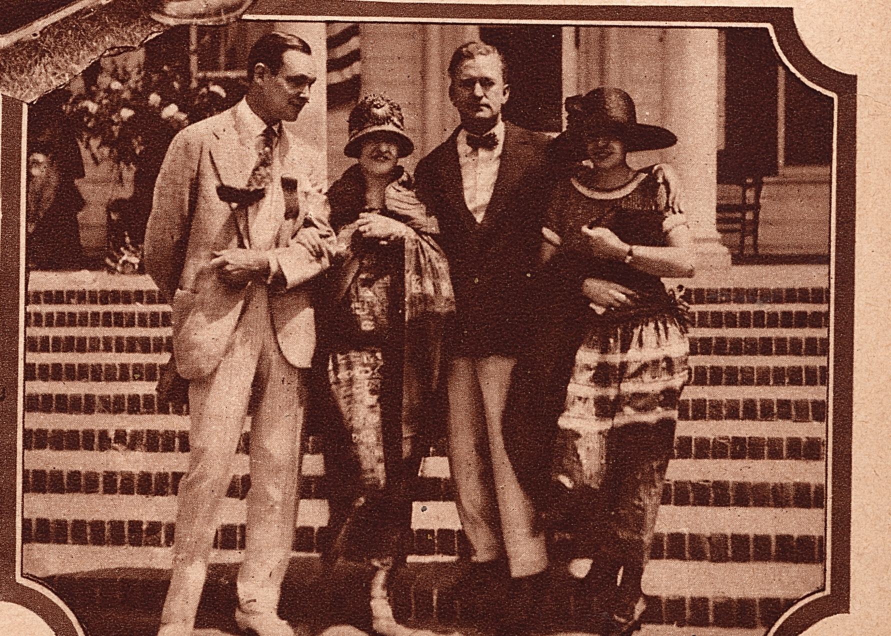
A nice compliment was paid to Lois Wilson when she was selected to represent the film business of America, as a typical American actress, at the British Empire Exposition to be held in London. Miss Wilson is to remain in London a fortnight or so, and will, of course, take a little trip over to Paris.

It is just possible that Miss Wilson may play in a picture over there for Paramount before returning to the United States.



This picture was taken one day, a week or two ago, at the *Ince California* studios. Reading from left to right, in the approved fashion, is *Charlie Ray*, who has just finished *"Dynamite Smith,"* under *Ince* guidance; *Gladys Brockwell*, who is shortly to begin work under the *Kleigs* at these studios; *Thomas Ince*, and *Dorothy Davenport Reid*, who also resumes her production activities at the *Ince* studios.

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and Off

Motion Picture People in Both sional Circles

Norma Talmadge met with an accident which resulted in a wound on her forehead recently, when a cable holding a ship being used for scenes in her picture snapped, flew back and struck her on the head.

The blow knocked Miss Talmadge unconscious, while a scalp wound bled profusely, and there was much excitement among the players. She was taken to the hospital, and two stitches taken in her forehead. A new method was used, and it is not thought that any scar will be left.

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Bets are about even in the film colony as to whether Rod La Rocque and Pola Negri will marry or not. Both are at Del Monte Lodge, at present, where Pola and Charlie Chaplin erstwhile wandered on the beach hand in hand, or rode horseback along the bridle paths together.

In fact, Pola and Rod came upon a tree the other day on which Pola and Charlie, like two kids, had carved their names together.

And in the meantime, Charlie Chaplin and his new leading lady, Lita Grey, are seen together a great deal—but always with a chaperone in the Spanish way. Miss Grey, you see, is descendant of an old Spanish family of Southern California, and her family still adheres to its old social customs.

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Roscoe Arbuckle has started a tour in vaudeville on Pantages Circuit. A terrific demonstration greets him everywhere.

The comedian has for a booster no less a person than King Alphonso of Spain, according to Mary Pickford. Lottie Pickford received a letter from her sister last week in which Mary said that she and Doug talked to King Alphonso quite a long time following the presentation at a big reception of the players to Spain's ruler and Mary declared that his majesty inquired what had become of Roscoe, saying, "I like to see him on the screen. He always makes me laugh."

An unusual picture of *Pola Negri* and *Cecil B. De Mille* taken when the latter was making a landing from one of the small craft used in his next picture. *Pola* is lending the *Czar of Hollywood* a helping hand.

***Mae Murray* drops several of her years and all of her jazz sophistication in the beginning of *"Circe,"* the story which *Blasco Ibanez* wrote particularly for her. Behold, a new *Mae* in pigtails and a starched pinafore . . .**

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Jackie Coogan may have a little brother or sister soon. The stork is hovering over the Coogan home.

Mrs. Coogan told us once that she was very anxious that Jackie should have a little sister or brother, because she thought it wasn't good for a child to be an only child.

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Now there's another actresses' club broken out in Hollywood. It is the Non-Make-Up Club, and its slogan is "Be Yourself." Colleen Moore is at the head of it.

"It isn't that we particularly criticize actresses and other girls who do use make-up," said Colleen. "I mean, of course, on the street and at parties. But we of the club feel that so much make-up isn't good for our skins, and as we have to use a great deal of it in picture making, it seems a good idea to give our complexions a rest when we aren't working."

Members of the new club include Dorothy Mackaill, Helene Chadwick, Blanche Sweet, Estelle Taylor and others, besides Miss Moore.

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The small actors of the "Our Gang" comedies, made by Hal Roach, are about to become real actors. They will make a personal appearance trip through the East, starting out from Los Angeles on August 1st. Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit and other large cities will be visited.

The children will appear in a novel act all their own, the actorettes including Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman, Joe Cobb, Jackie Condon and little Farina.

Mickey says that what he is most anxious to see is the New York subway, but little Farina thinks Babe Ruth is the star attraction of the whole East.

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After a number of years' separation, Dustin Farnum is being sued by his wife for divorce. He has gone to Reno to start proceedings. It is *(Continued on page 27)*

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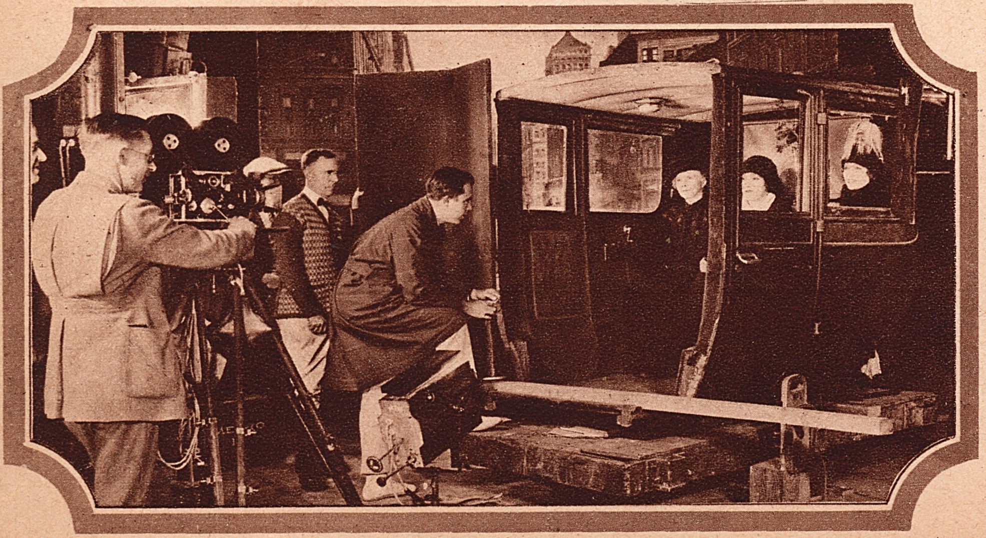


This gives an excellent idea of the way they do it in the studios. Our picture shows *King Vidor* directing a scene from *"Happiness."* In the tonneau of the car are *Edith Yorke, Laurette Taylor,* the star, and *Hedda Hopper.*

What Our READERS Think Of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I would like to tell you in as few words as possible how I came to know Movie Weekly, which explains partly the cause of my present attachment to it, and shows its circulation is extensive.

For many years my business has taken me to many little known parts of the South Pacific Islands. On one of these out of the way spots one Christmas day, we walked out a few miles over white, gleaming sand, upon which the tropical sun was beating, relieved by the crystal blue waters of the lagoon on our right, with the usual pair of love birds hovering very close to our heads as we walked. Presently we came to a deserted native camp, consisting of a cluster of cocoanut thatched huts. In the largest of these, which is usually occupied by the overseer of the nutting party, we stretched out for a rest and a drink of cocoanut milk. On becoming accustomed to the dim light of the well-shaded interior, I saw a bundle of deserted odds and ends of the late campers, and, to my great astonishment, on the top of these things there was a face of some beautiful movie actress smiling forth from a pretty sepia colored page, and on closer inspection it proved to be the remains of a paper called Movie Weekly.

It would take a Stevenson to convey to your mind in a few words the pleasure it gave me.

Ever since then Movie Weekly and myself have been old friends who have seen much solitude together and can now appreciate the company of the busy world once more.

"Reviews of the Week" by Harriette Underhill, plus your system of rating, is a truly amazing feature, the illustrations alone are wonderfully picturesque and artistic. It seems superfluous to repeat, but that sepia tone for these is immense.

"What Shall We See at the Movies?" "Chit Chat," "Reel Dope," and the famous Colonel, leave no room for anything but favorable criticism. There is positively nothing commonplace from cover to cover.

"Valentino's Trip Abroad" is chatty and interesting, especially to one who has traveled, and these days we have all traveled.

I have long been looking out for a good article on slow moving pictures, with a few examples, say, of a famous dancer dancing. This would, to my mind, be of great and general interest.

I must wind up by assuring you Movie Weekly is quite the most charming weekly I know, and I ask you to please accept my good wishes for its future prosperity and growth.

T. C.

Who Is the Greatest Actress Pola Negri or Gloria Swanson?

This is a question asked frequently of late. What is your opinion on the subject? We want to hear about all the things you think. In a few weeks this page will be turned over entirely to the praise and criticism and comment we receive regarding every phase of motion pictures. This will be the reader's open forum . . . the public's platform. We believe that this department will prove popular, for everyone enjoys expressing his or her opinion, and we plan to pay a dollar for every letter printed and also to publish the writer's photograph.

Let the Editor's mail bag be filled to the brim and brimming over.

However, we shall continue to be interested in letters telling What Our Readers think of us, but instead of publishing these letters we will publish simply a list of prize winners.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Your issue of June 28th is a very interesting number. The brief and vivid "Impressions of the Stars" is, to my thinking, a great addition to the weekly. Some of these sentence-descriptions are highly original and piquant. And every one of them is colorful.

What I particularly like about Movie Weekly is its progressiveness and its openness to suggestions and fresh ideas. This characteristic means *growth*—whether it applies to a magazine or a canning factory. The weekly's editorial staff is evidently flexible and adaptable, and the qualities ensure the future of any magazine.

Frankly, I can't stand your fiction, or the fiction of any movie magazine. It's trivial stuff and theatrically written. Why not give over the space it takes to more of the very excellent articles in which the weekly excels? I think that no type of article is more intriguing to most of us than those on the actual homes of the stars, with illustrations and interviews. Would not more of these and less of the movie fiction be feasible?

I like the Colonel best of all the departments. He always seems to answer the questions I was just going to ask! So who *wouldn't* like it? Your full-page pictures of stars is a very fine feature, the pictures are so beautifully printed, soft and yet perfectly clear. This is an addition to any magazine, and I feel sure your many readers appreciate the generosity that gives it to us.

Your numeral rating of the new releases and your brief comment on each is an excellent departure. They are ably done, and give just the desired information in brief space. I am pale with weariness over Valentino's trip, and the end is not yet in sight! A trip abroad nowadays is such a very frequent thing, that to be written up, it has to be an exceptionally brilliant piece of description. There is nothing very outstanding or original about his article, and it has probably cost you thousands. Most of us have been over the same ground more than once ourselves, and fail to find this a particularly convincing bit of writing. And it's interminably *long!*

The best piece of writing in this issue is the one by David Balch on Benny Leonard. Here is a snappy, clear-cut description and a good clean style of handling English.

The Flapper Whispers and the Studio News are good. As a whole, the weekly is the best ten cent bet I know of. And I have tried them all!

Indefatigable Reader.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I shall not attempt to enumerate all of the reasons for my devotion for Movie Weekly, but will outline briefly some of the principal ones.

The fact that it appears weekly is one of its main attractions, for its news is then fresh and unlike magazines published at more distant intervals, it keeps the public's interest stimulated.

I am devoted to "Chit Chat," "Studio News Notes," "The Reel Dope," and other notices of this type. They have a knack of letting you in on a big secret in every paragraph. It gives one the same poignant thrill as afternoon tea with a clever woman.

I am always interested in articles about censorship. The one by James Craig Gordon was splendid. Interviews are always welcome, pictures likewise.

Reviews of current releases are interesting and also reliable. I like the reviewer's style.

And now for the one thing in Movie Weekly I wish eliminated, and that is enough to jar the calmest Buddha. I shudder at the very mention of "The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor" and literature of this type. These stories are not characteristic of your magazine. They are cheap and detract from your magazine. Why not use this space for write-ups by Regina Cannon or other members of your staff?

Fannette Leabman.

Honorable Mention

I am a constant and faithful reader of Movie Weekly, as its pages contain so much valuable and interesting data concerning the movie world.

I was particularly pleased with your issue of June 7th, telling us why we have not seen Olga Petrova. Like lots of folks, I wondered why such a charming and popular artist did not return to the fold. Quite true, everyone knew of the success she has attained on the speaking stage, but we all thought she would come back and I am sure everyone appreciates the article you printed.

Although I am not in the flapper age, your page on "What Kind of Eyes Have You?" caused me to linger at my mirror, and I agree with you it would be quite interesting to see a picture unroll and check up the various emotions registered by the different types. (*Continued on page 28*)

A WOMAN who SINNED

In the last instalment it was told how Mrs. Hillburn's consent to visit Ransdell on board his yacht shocked her with startled surprise a moment after she had given it and watched him raise his hat and go swinging off down the street. His air of easy cordiality had quite disarmed her and his charm of manner fed the hunger in her heart for human companionship—the companionship of a young man who was interested in the things that claimed her interest.

The impropriety of her act in consenting to dine with Ransdell on board the yacht was what shocked her most, however, coming in such contrast to what her hard life had been prior to the yachtsman's advent into the sleepy little Maine village. The yacht, which Mrs. Hillburn had glimpsed from the upper floors of her flower-embowered cottage, represented a gorgeous bit of the outside world, where life flowed smoothly along to the rustle of silk. It was her woman's heart craving luxury that led her to gaze eagerly toward the long, slim, white yacht in the bay.

Enticed on board a stranger's yacht, the heroine of this story made a brave fight for all she held dear in life

By

Charles Warnerby

THE thought of her husband preparing his sermon for the following Sunday suddenly struck Mrs. Hillburn with peculiar force, but she dismissed it after a brief period of remorse with the thought that her visit to the yacht was to be a quite innocent one in which she merely sat for a space and chatted with a charming stranger of things in the world outside her life.

Turning now, Mrs. Hillburn retraced her steps toward the parsonage, postponing the call she had planned to another time. She found her husband seated in his library and to her words of greeting he turned a fondly detached ear.

"Yes, yes, dear," he murmured, without glancing up, and, with a sigh, Mrs. Hillburn passed out and up to the floor above. Her little baby, asleep in his crib, claimed her attention for a while until she slipped to the windows at the rear and stood gazing down upon the bay beneath the village and the white yacht that rested gracefully, like a bird, upon its waters.

Time, in this manner, fled more swiftly than she would ever have dreamed was possible, for presently it was time for her to prepare the tea which was all her husband was in the habit of taking when he worked on his sermons. She came quietly downstairs, attending to this little routine of her life, and then glanced at the clock with growing concern, wondering at the time she might slip quietly from the house, visit the yacht, and as quietly return.

HER interest in the personality of the charming stranger who had accosted her at the end of the walk was only negative. It was her desire for something out of the deadly dull routine that was leading her now to accept an invitation which was beyond the pale of convention. A glance at her husband immersed in his studies brought her momentarily to her senses, and suddenly she went to him, slipping to her knees

"Herbert, dear," she breathed, "kiss me."

The clergyman dropped his eyes in fond abstraction to his loving young wife, then lightly brushed her forehead with a kiss.

"There, there, dear," he murmured. "Forgive me—but I'm so engrossed."

Sighing, she rose to her feet. Outside it had grown quite dark—the sudden dark of a summer storm which brought night on with a rush. Quietly Mrs. Hillburn passed out the front door and on down the walk to the street where recently she had met and talked with Ransdell.

Storm clouds were gathering and threatening as Mrs. Hillburn walked rapidly down the twisting street of the quaint little village. From time to time she passed someone that she knew and exchanged a cheery word of greeting. Toward the darker part of the town, toward the wharf, where now lay a boat from Ransdell's yacht, she met no one that she knew and thus passed unseen to the water's edge, where, in the darkness, she descried the outline of the yacht's boat.

Ransdell was waiting for her, but as she saw him her first impulse was to tell him that she would be unable to accept his invitation. She started to speak, but his easy cordiality that had so disarmed her that afternoon when they had first met now lulled the disquietude she felt in going on board the yacht.

"I've been waiting for you," Ransdell told her with a pleasant little laugh. "I was afraid the storm had frightened you into not coming. I can't tell you how disappointed I felt."

Faced by this show of concern, Mrs. Hillburn had not the heart, in the sweetness of her nature, to refuse his invitation. She resolved mentally, however, to make the visit of short duration and (*Continued on page* 28)

"Stop!" she cried hoarsely. "You must not talk that way. You have no right. I am a respectable married woman!"

"Don't be a fool," he told her as she struggled weakly to free herself. Outside the lights of the harbor were just disappearing.

The Confessions of a Cameraman

BY FRANK PERUGINI

I KNOW a chap, a director, who if it wasn't for the luck of the "Movie People," would be all dressed up in a nice pair of wings, sitting on a soft cloud and playing "We Have No Bananas" on a gold-filled harp with platinum strings, and all because our technical man knew too much and wouldn't take a lowly cameraman's advice.

We were making one of those melodramas, which should be written "Mellow," and as near as I can remember, the story ran something like this:

The usual small town hero has invented a fireproof suit for use in rescue work by fire departments, so one fine day he packs his asbestos suit in a freight car, his lunch in a suitcase with his other collar, and receiving the blessings of his mother and the kisses of his childhood sweetheart, departs for the big city.

Of course he meets with the usual rebuffs, temptations, discouragement, despair, and all that sort of stuff, but finally wins out, as you know he will, sells his invention for some fabulous sum, returns to the old home just in time to pay off the mortgage as the hard-hearted village banker, whom his mother refused to wed when she was a little girl, is about to sell it over her head, marries the girl and they live happily ever after, with a fade-out of both of them in a "clinch" framed in a heart-shaped camera mask, as we all used to end our pictures in those days.

The big punch of the picture was where the "villain" breaks into the work shop of our struggling young inventor to steal the plans of his fireproof suit, to sell it to some asbestos company.

While he is engaged in this dastardly work, the building, in some unknown and mysterious way, catches fire, trapping the villain, and it sure looks as if it is going to be "apple-sauce" for him, as the floor collapses, letting him down into the raging flames below, as the publicity department would write it, when lo! our hero, all dressed up in his fireproof suit, dashes merrily in, ha, ha's! right out loud at that fire, rescues the villain, who immediately repents, as it should be, or it wouldn't get by the censors, and everything, as they would say in the army, is "Jake" from then on.

As usual, whenever there are scenes in a picture during the making of which the actor is likely to get injured, they are made when everything else is finished. The reason being that if the actor is injured it won't hold up production, or cause the expense of retakes.

We had struggled through several weeks of tears, kisses, endless close-ups of "Mother," wearing a bum-looking grey wig, saying, "My boy!" until we all thought those were the only words she knew.

Cold rebuffs by heartless capitalists, schemes by unscrupulous and unprincipled money kings to steal his invention, and all the sort of "hokum" that goes toward making one of "those" fillums, and at last we got to the taking of the fire scenes.

The set was built on the cliffs across the river from New York, and it was what is known as a combination set.

It consisted of the ground floor of the building, which to all purposes we used as a storage room, for it was filled with boxes, barrels, paper and all sorts of inflammable materials. You've got to have some excuse for a fire in making pictures.

Above that was a room, the same size as the one below, which was the work shop of our struggling and upright young inventor, and showed enough tools and apparatus in it to build a locomotive. To the right of these two rooms was the entrance hall, with the door leading from the street, at the back, and the stairs leading to the upper floor and the upper landing. At the top of the stairs was the door leading into the work shop.

The set was just like looking into a building with one side removed, and with no roof.

The floor of the work shop was built in the form of a double "trap." That is, the entire floor was supported by a column which could be tripped by a piece of piano wire, causing the whole floor to fall when this wire was pulled. In the centre of the floor was a smaller trap, which was worked by pulling another wire, which released a trigger, causing whoever was standing on the smaller trap to fall to the floor below.

THE stairway and the upper landing was also built in the form of a trap. By pulling a set of wires, the stairway would buckle and break in the centre, carrying down part of the upper landing with it, so that it would look like a natural break.

In the left side wall of the lower room of the set there was a four-foot square hole, cut level with the ground, and in such a position as not to be visible from the camera. This was to serve a purpose which I will presently explain.

The way the fire sequence was written in the scenario, the action was to run as follows.

The villain, which part was being played by the director, breaks into the work shop for the purpose of stealing the plans of the fireproof suit. While in the act the building catches fire, starting in the junk-filled room below.

When the villain realizes that the building is on fire, his first thought is escape. He tries the windows, but they have

The big punch of the picture was where the villain breaks into the work shop of our struggling young inventor to steal the plans of his fireproof suit to sell it to some asbestos company

Those who spend their lives in the studio world of make believe find the unreality which they create often borders close—too close—on reality. Adventures and escapes not written in the script enliven and endanger the lives of the men behind the scenes. Share the cream of a lifetime of such escapades in this fascinating true-story—written by a real cameraman.

nice wooden bars on them, so it's obvious that he can't get out that way. He dashes to the door, BUT, at that particular moment, our hero, all dressed up in his asbestos suit, is coming up the steps. The villain is trapped, the fire below, and the hero on the steps.

It may sound very funny to you that at that particular moment, when there will surely be rescue work to do, that the hero should be all dressed up for it, but you must remember that at the time we were making this particular picture the industry was in the "infant-in-arms" stage, and we did a lot of funny thing. Anyway, the hero could have been out giving his asbestos suit an airing to keep the moths from eating it up.

HOWEVER, to get back to our story. With escape cut off, it looks like "curtains" for the villain, but the chap who wrote that yarn had imagination, for he doped things out in an original way.

The villain was to climb into an asbestos bag, which was placed under the work bench. This bag was large enough to hold the villain, completely covering him. He was to stand on the small trap which I have described, the trap was to be sprung, letting him fall to the room below.

Once there, he was to get out of the bag as quickly as possible because that room would be pretty well filled with flames, and find his way out of the set by means of the hole that had been cut in the side wall.

A duplicate of the bag the villain had crawled into was placed in the lower floor of the set. This bag was filled with rags and other material which the hero would carry out with him, making it appear that he had rescued the villain.

In the meantime our intrepid hero reaches the top of the stairs and tries to get into the work shop, but the door is locked. He realizes that some dastardly work is going on in there, so he leans his weight, which with the two hundred and ten pound asbestos suit would make it about three hundred and seventy-five pounds, against the door, breaks the lock and steps into a nice bunch of fire.

He rushes to the bench where the plans are hidden, but before he can reach it, the support is pulled from under the floor, and it collapses, carrying him with it.

When he falls to the floor below, he stumbles over the bag which is supposed to contain the villain. He picks it up, throws it over his shoulder and fights his way out of the flames. Both, of course, are to come out unscathed by the fire.

Now, you will believe that the fellow who wrote that story had lots of imagination, and that scene was to be the knock-out punch of the picture.

On the day scheduled to "shoot" these scenes, we got to the location, set up the cameras on a platform placed about thirty feet away from the set to enable us to get the whole of it at the one shot and the crew got things ready to start the works.

And right there we made the first mistake of that day. When we arrived on the location, we found a very strong wind blowing, and the director should have called things off for that day, as it is always dangerous to fool around with fire on a windy day, but I suppose he wanted to get the thing over with, so he took a chance.

The second mistake was when our technical man, against the warnings of all of us proceeded to paint that set with about fifteen gallons of kerosene applied with a nice big kalsomine brush, then poured a couple of gallons on the rubbish in the lower floor, and called everything ready, being thoroughly satisfied with his work.

While these preparations were going on, quite a crowd of people had collected to watch the proceedings, with the result that when we were ready to take the scene, we had a large and noisy gallery. Mistake number three, in not taking precautions to keep people out of the lot.

THE director-villain took his place in the work shop, the chap in his asbestos suit just outside the door ready to come in on his cue, the crew at their respective wires to pull the traps, we started to "crank" the cameras, the building was set on fire, and off we were.

There was so much kerosene on that junk on the lower floor of the set that the moment they applied the match, it almost went off like an explosion. In one second the entire lower part of it was a mass of flames, and to show how funny fire will act at times, it jumped right around the wall dividing the lower floor and the work shop to the stairs and the hall, and as that was well soaked with kerosene, in a moment that, too, was a roaring furnace.

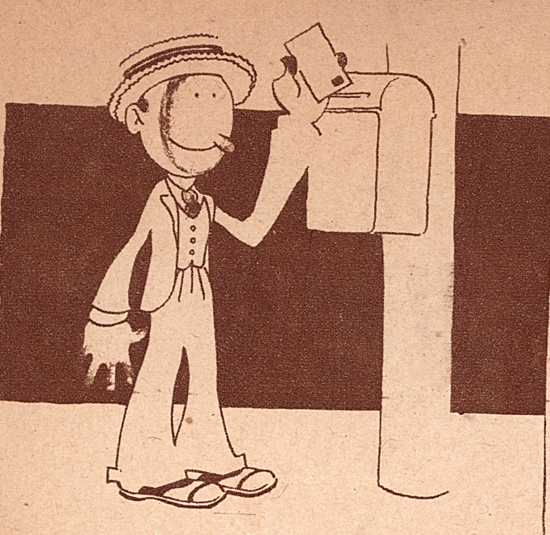
The fellow in the asbestos suit, seeing all this fire, thought it was time for him to come into the scene, so he made his entrance and started to climb laboriously up the steps, and right through a solid mass of flames, which by this time were so fierce that one of the crew, who was to pull the stairs down, stationed about twenty feet to one side of the set, had to drop his wire and run, as the flames were shooting well past where he had been stationed, he being in direct line with the building and the wind, which was blowing in his direction.

WHILE all this was going on, there wasn't a sign of the fire in that upper part of the set where the director was going through his action of searching the shop for the plans of the suit, and he had no idea of the headway that fire had gotten.

In the meantime the crowd which was watching, had reached a stage of panic, as we all had, for that matter, and started to yell and shout warnings, which the director could not understand, as they were all shouting at once. You couldn't blame them for being excited for they were about to see a man being burned alive.

The man in the asbestos suit had by this time (*Continued on page* 30)

Suddenly there was a shout from the crowd and we saw the director crawl out—a mass of flame from his hair, which was burning like a torch, to his clothes.



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

R. C. D.—Yes, Jack and John Gilbert are the same person. Papa christened him John, but you know how the boys are: they will call John Jack. He was born in Logan, Utah, in 1895. He is married to Leatrice Joy. Write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

A PAIR OF BROWN EYES—What is my description? Now, isn't that stupid of me, I'm completely minus one. I've got eyes and nose and ears and a perfectly good mouth—at least I can eat with it—but I simply haven't got a description. May McAvoy and Betty Compson can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is traveling abroad with his mother, and I don't know where you could reach him. Write Jobyna Ralston at 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Robert Fraser lives at 1905 Wilcox Ave., Los Angeles.

FORGET-ME-NOT—Probably your friends who didn't see their questions answered looked too soon. You should see the waiting list of letters that I have! The postman comes fainting in with them every morning. Sorry I don't know the religion of Mr. and Mrs. Valentino.

HEART BLOSSOM—Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties. She was once married to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Somborn. Write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Rod La Rocque is not married. He lives at 1756 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles.

BLONDIE—Sorry I have no description of Richard Talmadge. I'll run tell the editor quick that you want a picture of him and an interview in Movie Weekly.

MISS CHICAGO—I don't know why George O'Hara shouldn't come to Chicago. It's a perfectly respectable place. George was born in New York, I can't guess how many years ago. He is 5 feet 8, weighs 145, and is a blue-eyed blond. I don't believe he is married. His next picture is "Listen, Lester."

LAURA'S SPOKANE FAN—So Laura has a Spokane fan? That should please her. Miss La Plante was born in St. Louis, November 1, 1904; she lives at 4632 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. Her latest picture is "The Butterfly." William Desmond's latest is "The Breathless Moment."

H. B. W.—You're quite right; H. B. Warner is an extremely interesting man. He was born in London some thirty odd years ago. He went to an English school and college. He went on the stage and played with Sir Herbert Tree and others, and came to America in 1905, where he appeared on the stage for years before he played in movies. He is married to Rita Standwood and they have two children. They live in Great Neck, Long Island.

R. J. B. S.—There is only one singer named John McCormack. Colleen Moore's husband, John McCormick, to whom you doubtless refer, is with the business department of First National Pictures.

THE GIRLS OF THE FLIRTATION CLUB—So I'm an honorary member of your club? Well, if I'm to be a credit to your organization, I think you should supply me with someone to flirt with. Ramon Novarro was born in Buango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. Joseph Schildkraut is twenty-eight, 5 feet 11 inches tall. I have not seen any statement as to whether Andre Daven, Valentino's protege, is to play in any more pictures after "Monsieur Beaucaire." J. Warren Kerrigan's latest is "Thundering Dawn." See MAJOR.

THE PUBLISHER'S DEVIL—What is required of a man before he can become an actor, you ask? That's an easy one. The chief requirement is to get a part. I don't know what screen actor holds the honor of doing the most athletic stunts. Doug Fairbanks might be cited as the greatest screen athlete, although Tom Mix is no slouch in this regard, and neither is Richard Talmadge.

KENTUCKY BABE—So you thought there was too much kissing in "Three Weeks?" Then *what*, may I ask, did you go to see that picture for; did you think it was a Wild West story? Johnnie Walker is married to Renee Parker. You bet I remember you, though you've probably grown up since you last wrote.

MAJOR—I wouldn't tax my brain, as you put it, if I were you, trying to determine your favorite star. It's bad enough to get our incomes taxed; let's leave our brains intact. Tom Meighan is forty-one and 6 feet tall. His latest picture is "The Alaskan." Richard Dix is thirty, also 6 feet tall. He recently finished "Sinners in Heaven," co-starring with Bebe Daniels. Ramon Novarro gives his height as 5 feet 10. He is twenty-five. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine and 5 feet 7 inches tall. His latest picture is "Classmates," and Ramon's is "The Red Lily."

THE PEST—Will I please tell you all I can about Barbara La Marr? Not on your life! However, I can safely admit that she was born in Richmond, Virginia, about twenty-six years ago, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 126, and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Yes, Carmel Myers is the daughter of a rabbi; she is twenty-three, 5 feet 3, and weighs 124. Lucille Ricksen is seventeen. Walter McGrail is thirty-five, 6 feet tall and weighs 172.

PEG—Really, Peg, you break my heart. No, don't be alarmed. It's only that you ask me all I know about William Haines, and I know so very little. I know that he was selected by one of the Goldwyn staff several years ago in their search for new faces—he and Eleanor Boardman. He has recently been playing at the Goldwyn Studio in "Mary the Third." He is quite young and isn't married.

DOT P.—I rather suspect, Dot, that you didn't care for the Richard Dix issue. Oh, well, even Movie Weekly makes its little mistakes. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-five and is married to Gloria Hope. He is now working on "Untamed Youth."

BETTY LORRAINE—Mary Pickford was born in 1893. The great event took place in Toronto, Canada. Billy, grown-up, in "No Mother to Guide Her," was played by Irving Hartley.

CORINNE GRIFFITH ADMIRER—It is not customary to answer questions about the screen stars' religious beliefs. I don't happen to know Corinne Griffith's, anyway. Corinne is twenty-six; her address is 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

IVY—Where do I get my information about the stars? Now, why, I ask you, should I reveal all my little secrets? Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles. No, he does not appear in "The Song of Love."

H. C. WADELL—You're quite right, Lefty Flynn has got quite a physique. No wonder; he used to be a star football player at Yale. That's where he got his nickname. I don't think he is related to Emmett Flynn. He is 6 feet 3 and weighs 200 pounds. He doesn't give his age.

TWO BOBBED-HAIRED BANDITS—I don't know whether I should answer your questions or not. Heretofore I've always managed to keep my life free of bobbed-haired bandits. Ramon Novarro is now abroad playing in "Ben Hur," but perhaps you can reach him (*Continued on page 31*)

The BIG Contest

Fig 41

Dick Barthelmess

Movie Fans — Allow us to introduce Mr. Joe Carroll Moore, of Boise, Idaho. He is an enthusiastic fellow contestant. Already he has put himself in one of the higher classes and if he wins a prize, it will most likely be a large one.

Fig 42

Mae Busch

Fig 43

Buster Keaton

Fig 44

Shirley Mason

Here's a Total of Forty Points For You - - - Recognize Them?

Now is the time to get busy. Each of the silhouettes in this week's set will count ten points, or a total of forty points if you get them all right. That this is a major set in the contest can be understood when you consider the fact that it is possible for you to get as many points by getting this set correct as you could have made by identifying perfectly all twelve pictures of the first three sets.

The contest is rapidly coming to a close. Only two more sets will appear; the last one in the August 16th issue. And now is the time to put yourself in the highest award classes. The winner of the first prize, if he is in Class C, will get $2,500.00; if he is in Class B, he will get $2,000.000; and if in Class A, will get $1,500.00. So do not take the unnecessary risk of losing $500.00 or $1,000.00. Put yourself in the upper classes today, one subscription puts you in Class B, two subscriptions puts you in Class C.

Fans competing from points far distant from New York should mail their solutions in at the earliest possible moment so that the awards may be agreed upon as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

LIST OF PRIZES

	CLASS A (For those who send in no subscriptions)	CLASS B (For those who send in 1 subscription)	CLASS C (For those who send in 2 subscriptions)
First Prize	$1,500	$2,000	$2,500
Second Prize	500	750	1,000
Third Prize	200	350	500
Fourth Prize	150	225	300
Fifth Prize	100	150	200
10 Prizes of	20	30	40
20 Prizes of	10	10	10
40 Prizes of	5	5	5

Ten points will be allowed for each correct identification of this week's silhouettes. It costs nothing to compete. Any person, except those specified in Rule 1 of the Contest Rules, can compete for Class A prizes. Anyone who sends in one yearly subscription for MOVIE WEEKLY can compete for Class B prizes. Anyone who sends in two yearly subscriptions can compete for Class C prizes. For instance, if the person who wins first prize has turned in no subscriptions at all, he will be paid $1,500.00; if he has turned in one yearly subscription to MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,000.00; if he has turned in two yearly subscriptions for MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,500.00, etc. Subscriptions may be turned in at any time during the contest and may be new or renewal subscriptions. Subscriptions may be for yourself or friends. Two six months' subscriptions at $2.00 each, or four three months' subscriptions at $1.00 each, count the equivalent of one yearly subscription. One two years' subscription at $8.00 is equivalent to two individual yearly subscriptions.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any person may enter the contest except employees and immediate relatives of employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc.
2. In case of a tie, each contestant will be paid the amount of the prize tied for.
3. Each entry will be considered solely on its merits. Whether you have or have not sent in subscriptions will have no bearing on your chances of winning.
4. The Judges are three famous movie stars, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino and Richard Barthelmess.
5. All contestants agree to abide by the Judges' decisions.
6. No contestant is eligible to win more than one prize. There will be paid only one first prize, one second prize, etc., except in case of a tie, the amount paid depending on which class the winner is in.
7. No scores will be given out during the contest.
8. Each silhouette set solution must be mailed within 20 days of the date of issue of the magazine in which it appears.
9. During the first six weeks of the contest, special entry privilege was allowed to late comers who failed to enter on time with the first sets.
10. Contest started with the issue of May 24th and ends with the issue of August 16th. All answers must be mailed before midnight, September 5th

S U B S C R I P T I O N B L A N K

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
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New York City.

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Dear Sir:—Please send MOVIE WEEKLY for one year to the address listed below, for which I enclose $4.00. Kindly credit subscription to me in MOVIE WEEKLY Contest.

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(Subscriptions may be sent in any time during contest.)

The True Story of My Life

(*Continued from page 10*)

young, was very convincing and proved himself a fine pantomimic artist although lacking restraint. At that time he had no entrée into the studios and apparently no curiosity about them, his ambition apparently being to perfect himself as a dancer.

I continued to work with Mrs. Morgan for months and gained so much that I felt myself ready for something big, and sure enough that "something big" came along.

The manager of the Fox studio happened to be dining at the Hollywood Hotel one night and saw me enter the dining room and take my place at my table. He inquired about me and the next day wrote me a letter. I replied by calling at the studio, where I was introduced to Mr. J. Gordon Edwards, who had been the director of Miss Theda Bara in all her brilliant successes. He told me of his plans to make "The Queen of Sheba," and that his search for the most suitable queen was to extend from California to New York and even to Europe, if necessary.

Mr. Edwards seemed impressed with me and, though he did not see me in costume nor give me a test, told me he approved of my height and carriage and would let me know later.

THREE months went by and almost every girl in the moving picture world, eligible and otherwise, was hoping to play the role. Mr. Edwards was summoned to New York to interview every stage and screen luminary on the Eastern coast, but unsuccessfully, because Mr. Edwards could not see, as the character, the ones Mr. Fox suggested and would refuse to direct them.

I had hoped for this part so long that it had become almost an obsession with me. Again and again I heard through the New York press that this person or that one had been definitely decided upon, and my heart would sink, only to find that Dame Rumor had again lied. Thus it was that months slipped by and I was kept on the ragged edge between hope and discouragement but, eventually, luck played into my hands, however, for, against Mr. Fox's will, Mr. Edwards returned to the Coast and asked me to give him three days' probationary work before signing any contract. This I willingly consented to do.

Imagine my joy upon being shown thirty-eight marvelous costumes prepared for the woman who was to play the part. And to think that I might be that fortunate one!

The morning I reported for the test, I was very much excited, though not a bit nervous, because I absolutely knew that I could "deliver the goods," although everyone in the studio, from cellar to garret, was standing by, coldly, critically waiting for me to prove it. I put on my make-up, wound my hair oddly about my head, slipped on a kimono and went over to the wardrobe department to be dressed in any gown I might choose.

Then began great bucklings and hookings and beadings as I was fitted into the intricate harness of the pearl regalia. When the wardrobe mistress finally finished, she exclaimed:

"Fine! Now look at yourself!"

I stood again feeling like the ugly duckling transformed. In this graceful silver train and pearled body, I was adorned as through the magic wand of a fairy. Then I went forth for inspection, very anxious to please.

It was flattering to see the dear faces of Mr. Edwards and his wife light up with approval and joy, seeing in me, as they expressed it, "the living personification" of the Sheba they had visualized.

Mr. Edwards was kind, attentive and patient, and, after an hour's work with me, he sent for the studio manager and said he had found the only possible Queen and instructed him to draw up my contract immediately, as no further tests would be necessary. We started work on the picture the next morning. It was a six months' engagement of joyous work, yet utterly lacking in the sense of labor, owing to the unusual atmosphere of complete harmony created by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards between the artists, staff and studio officials. We all felt our best was hardly good enough to give in return for the courtesy and consideration tendered us throughout this delightful experience.

It would have interested an efficiency expert to visit my wardrobe in which the costumes hung. Thirty-eight of them in all, with different sandals, earrings, headdresses, underpinnings, etcetera, for every one. These, of course, after being photographed, had to be carefully assembled and laid aside, in the event that the same costume would be called for in future scenes. Eventually, my maids and I were forced to adopt a filing system and I verily believe one of my darkies looked twenty years older when the picture was finished, because she had been compelled to use her memory and her brains, an unwonted exercise.

A humorous incident occurred about the middle of this production, when we were taking a scene at the tomb of the Kings, where the little boy David, son of King Solomon and Queen of Sheba, was raised from the dead by the prayers of his father. The child had been secretly entombed and the rescue party, including Solomon and Sheba

> **WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN TOLD:**
>
> *In the three previous instalments of her Life Story, Miss Blythe has told of her first experiences in the theatre and before the camera, and of the interesting and natural sequence of opportunities and disappointments, adventures and misadventures, which led her to the beginnings of the path which at last led so surely to fame.*
>
> *She has told of her family and her home in Los Angeles, of her academic and musical education in this country and abroad, and of her first experiences before audiences in school "home talent" performances and as a singer in a high-class vaudeville act. Her first dramatic situations in "Experience" and "So Long Letty," and the lucky accident which led to her employment and rapid advancement in the Vitagraph film company have filled the former chapters. Last week's instalment left her in a dangerous predicament between a forest fire and a grizzly bear, while taking some important scenes in a picture in which Miss Blythe was co-featured with the famous character actor, Lon Chaney. And this week she carries on from that point. Go along with her.*

(Mr. Fritz Lieber and myself), arrived too late, and found this little figure lying dead at the foot of the sarcophagus. I was to pick him up in my arms, trying to call him back to life, then to lay him upon a slab and collapse, weeping over his dead body while the godly Solomon turned his eyes to Heaven and prayed for the life of his beloved child.

I, hearing his voice, was
face, then suddenly to be
of light, supposedly from
toward the light, astonishe
to see angels hovering ove
open his eyes, reach forth
up from the dead as if by

We worked on this de
three nights, it being nec
effect to do it after dark
in bare feet and loose flo
order that the ray of
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above the set, from the
powder into the shaft of

I had worked myself up
turmoil, bewilderment an
this revelation of the ang
head, sobbing over my de
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the pedal extremities of
in heavy brogans, with
their hips and various c
the carpenter's trade. I
hard it was to think spi
humorously.

The last three days' w
devoted to the chariot ra
thing of its kind ever de

forting thought this, that any dangerous scenes or possibility of accident to the players must be left until the end of the picture; then, in the case of fatality, the manager still has his film, you see!

THIS gorgeous and mammoth racing ampitheatre was erected especially for the picture and covered an area of some ten acres in the foothills of Hollywood. As I sat in the royal box in King Solomon's court, I felt that we had really turned back the pages of history and were living in the olden times, so convincingly was it all staged.

One hundred horses had been confined in their stables for some time, and were absolutely mad to go, steaming, snorting and rearing in their desire to be released. A crowd of 5,000 extras in tunics and costumes of the period stood on a vast elevated platform in the center, from which the crowd in the olden days viewed the races. With two bands playing martial music, bugles blowing, banners streaming in the breeze, and everybody screaming directions here and there, it was a magnificent, never-to-be-forgotten sight.

The first race held was of several teams of two horses with a man astride each pair. It was intensely thrilling and much to my relief was successfully screened without mishap.

Next the dozen chariots raced, and let me tell you that when the horses, liberated from close confinement, were given their heads out on the well-prepared third of a mile track, they plunged forward, reckless of life and limb, racing madly, and we all forgot the battery of cameras grinding, forgot to act, forgot everything except to scream and shout our encouragement, almost leaping from the royal box in our excitement.

Those of you who saw the picture will remember that several chariots did overturn and animals were hurt. Fortunately, nobody was seriously injured, but they had "first aid," many physicians and ambulances stationed at all parts of the arena in case of the almost certain disaster.

After that excitement was over, the climax came when Princess Vashti and I were to drive our chariots alone, and if you think for a moment, dear reader, that we didn't do this, you are very much mistaken. There were close-ups of us made the next day from a truck riding before us with cameras placed upon it so there could be no question that we held the reins, and I am here to testify to the heroic deed.

My opponent had the most beautiful hands and arms, but they were very frail and feminine, while mine, thanks to my "tomboy" youth, are very muscular and they stood me in good stead that day.

Vashti was very brave, however, driving around alone several times before our contest and I admired her courage, but when it came to my turn to mount the chariot, my knees shook with fear, for I had never held reins before except when

the shock, but, like a brick, she clung to the reins, calling for help. Grooms and attendants rushed into the arena and, quickly overpowering the horses, prevented a worse calamity, for her head had barely escaped the flying hoofs as she hung inert over the dashboard.

I cried all the way home after that race—from nervous shock, perhaps, but, between you and me, I think it was because the last shot of my beloved picture had been taken. I never saw this film until its opening night in New York City, when I entered the theatre, a frightened but hopeful actress and emerged a successful one, congratulated and applauded.

I awoke the morning following and found myself proclaimed a star in the very flattering newspaper reviews, and thereupon began the duties of that hard-earned position, such as telling charming and inquisitive reporters how I preferred my eggs served at the crack of dawn; what my hobbies were, my vices and my vanities. When Sheba was exhibited in San Francisco, I was very much flattered to have the flag of nobility hoisted over the Palace Hotel, where I was stopping for a few days, this courtesy denoting that royalty was being entertained beneath its roof. The Mayor of San Francisco received me at the City Hall with true Western hospitality, and I added this acquaintanceship to my gallery of "Interesting People I Have Met."

MY next important picture after Sheba was "Fair Lady." That sounds like the name of a toilet soap or a fast racehorse, but it was in reality the title of this Italian countess which I played for Mr. Rex Beach.

The only interesting thing about that production was a ten days' journey on "location" to New Orleans, where a very young girl interviewing for the *"New Orleans Picayune,"* asked me if movie people were just like other people; or did they have such bad manners that they ate with their knives, and didn't know how to behave in public? I became violent at the affront and they removed her gently from my presence.

About this time it proved advisable to do some appearing in person with "Sheba," inasmuuch as the picture had swept the country most successfully and the demand made upon me for a tour was so urgent that I again, after five years, took up daily practice on my voice and prepared to accept these generous offers.

I am not a believer in personal appearances when a screen artist has no stage presence, no speaking or singing voice nor talent with which to satisfy audiences, but I do believe with these qualities it enhances one's value as a performer to cement the friendship of one's public by personal contact in contrast to your shadow self. My tour opened in Columbus, Ohio, to an over-crowded matinee and to my intense joy I found the audiences receptive, appreciative and more than kind. I chatted to them, sang a group of songs with my accompanist on the stage, and it proved very successful. There the picture, "Queen of Sheba," having run many weeks, was so appreciated that the President of the College, Mr. Williams, and his wife invited me to dine in their home. I was also the guest at numberless sorority and fraternity houses, and found it was all heaps of fun.

For nearly a year I toured the picture palaces of such cities as Detroit, twice in Buffalo, twice in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Trenton, Columbus, Toronto, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Kansas City, Dallas, Fort Worth, New Orleans and many others I cannot recall at this moment.

What a delight it was to leave the stuffy studios occasionally, to greet the thousands of interested people, both young and old, who thronged to see me. These audiences, throughout my appearances, were so enthusiastic, so generous in applause and appreciation of my efforts, that my heart warmed toward them and I felt I could never perform well enough to repay them.

Many times vaudevillians, talking with me of their triumphs, had warned me against the undemonstrative audiences of Canada. Thus it was that I accepted with some doubt a flattering offer to appear for a week in the biggest picture palace in Toronto, the "Allen," but of all the places I have appeared (and that has been many, both here and abroad), I found there the keenest approval and the most demonstrative and flattering audience I have ever appeared to. Canada, of course, is a British Colony, and this self-same characteristic I also found expressed in England. If they like you, they don't hesitate to shower you with their approval, and the beautiful part is that they never change. They like you forever.

I have found the milk of human kindness is not a matter of location. It is a well which bursts forth whenever the spring is touched. If one has something to offer, and does it sincerely, simply and humanly, they will invariably please.

It is a long jump from Toronto to Dallas, Texas, but that was my next town and I appeared there a week with tremendous success, enjoying the wholesale hospitality for which the South is noted. There I had a strange experience.

The second day I was in town I received a newspaper in which was an article blue-pencilled. It read:

"The naked Queen of Sheba is in town. Keep your wives and children at home."

This publication appeared to be the handiwork of a religious fanatic, and was addressed to me as Madame Blythe. At first amused and then incensed, I controlled my anger and refused to reply to the insult, for such I regarded it, because the Queen of Sheba had been shown the entire country over, and I had in my possession many beautiful letters written me by pastors and clergymen of various denominations lauding the picture and my performance.

The following Monday, in Fort Worth, Texas, I opened to a house with standing room only. During the singing of my songs, I glanced down in the front row and saw a girl with the most eager little face, peering up into mine from across the footlights. She had in her hand a mammoth bouquet of roses and she looked so bright and interested that I smiled at her several times. Imagine my surprise and delight to find the bouquet of flowers in my dressing room when I left the stage. At the evening performance the same little girl sat in the front row with a magnificent basket of orchids, and this time they were delivered to my dressing room by the little girl herself, who seemed to be about fifteen years of age.

SHE looked rather queer and was mysteriously silent when I talked with her, but I thought perhaps she was merely a bit shy. She stayed in my dressing room while I removed my make-up and dressed, and finally my maid asked her to go because it was getting late and she should be at home. She bade us good night and left, but to my amazement when I stepped into the hotel lobby, there she was, and asked if she could go up to my room with me. This I refused, for I was very tired and told her she must run home at once and go to bed, preparatory to her next day's school, which I supposed was the natural course of her life. The next noon I was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Forth Worth Chamber of Commerce. There I was presented by the head of the Police Department, as an expression of Fort Worth hospitality, the key of the city, together with the badge of a Police Commissioner during the time I remained in the city. This badge meant that I could lawfully arrest any wrongdoer who struck my frivolous fancy. After many brilliant speeches by the representatives of various industries and really a delightful time, I went to the theatre for my matinee.

The next morning the Police Chief called me by phone and, wi[th] rather a worried tone in his voice, asked me if I had received some flowers from a young lady by the name of ————.

I replied that I had and he asked me if I had been called upon to pay for them.

"Certainly not," I replied. "What is the trouble?"

He informed me that my little worshipper from the front row of the theatre in Dallas had forged two checks to pay for the flowers which she had sent to me, and, as a result, was then languishing in jail.

(Miss Blythe continues her interesting story next week.)

Let Norma Talmadge Help You

Have you some personal problem, some worry for which you crave understanding and advice? Some question about clothes, or etiquette, or perhaps something nearer to you and of deeper import —perhaps you have arrived at a problem in either life or love from which you see no way out and need an aiding hand? Norma Talmadge stands ready to give you that aid. Through a special arrangement with Movie Weekly, Miss Talmadge will personally and confidentially reply to any query you may put to her. It is an unusual opportunity, of which the Editor hopes you may take fullest advantage. Write Miss Talmadge care "If I Were You Department," Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and your letter will be forwarded to her at once. If you wish, you may append a fictitious name for use in letters to be published in Movie Weekly. All letters, however, will be held in strictest confidence. But don't forget to put your OWN name and address. For it may be necessary to give your letter a personal reply. Let's hear from you—and at once. We hope to be able to publish the first letters and Miss Talmadge's replies in our August 16th issue. THE EDITOR.

Norma Talmadge

Photograph by Kanarian

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 19)

rumored that following his divorce, "Dusty" will marry Winifred Kingston, with whom he has been close friends for several years.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Speaking of engagements, it looks as though there were two romances over on the Christie lot. Neal Burns is all devoted attention to Evelyn Francisco, and Jimmie Adams puts fresh flowers before the portrait of Virginia Warwick every day.

No engagement announcements have been made, but they are likely to pop any day.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Pity poor Betty Blythe! She went down to the beach at Santa Monica to recuperate from her labors before the camera, went in bathing, and got so sunburned that she was laid up for a day or two at home. She is getting better, however, and says she is reformed of the one-piece-bathing-suit habit. Hereafter the most fiercely Puritanical censor of the beach will have no fault to find with her outfit when she goes in bathing.

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A Woman Who Sinned

(*Continued from page* 21)

to return home before the storm should break. Smiling a little, she allowed Ransdell to lead her to and help her into the boat. He seated himself beside her and, a moment later, they were on their way toward the yacht that lay at anchor a few hundred feet away.

"It's going to storm," Ransdell said easily, "but not for a while, I fancy. We'll be very comfortable on board the yacht, regardless. And dinner is waiting for us."

Mrs. Hillburn said but little, and presently the boat slid in under the yacht's rail and they were climbing up the side on the gangway. She was amazed at the comfort contained in the spacious main cabin of the vessel, and the sight of the sparkling silver and snow white napery delighted her woman's heart.

WITH a directness that characterized all of his methods, Ransdell led her to her place at the yacht's dining table and a minute later an image-visaged Japanese came softly in and started serving the dinner. It was a rare treat for the young wife, dining thus on a palatial yacht with a man of wealth and breeding. She did not see nor would she have understood if she had seen it, the covert glance of amusement that passed between the captain of the yacht and Ransdell when the former came into the cabin for orders.

"Would you care for some wine?" Ransdell asked her, as he turned to give an order to the Japanese.

Mrs. Hillburn's hand rose quickly in protest.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, her cheeks reddening.

Ransdell bowed without comment, and a moment or so later he was chatting amiably of his life in the city and of the cruise that he had been making in his yacht along the Maine coast. It was a source of real delight to the beautiful young woman who up to now had lived so sheltered an existence. She listened with interest to his easy flow of conversation, unmindful of the flight of time, until the last course was served and they had been seated idly talking for a long while.

Gradually had been borne in upon her a rhythmic throb and a slow shiver that passed throughout the yacht's entire length. It was some time before she interpreted it as a sign that the boat was moving. Conscious of this at last, she rose to her feet and stepped to a porthole. Outside the night was black as indigo, but a faint, far-flung line of lights suddenly apprised her that the town she had so recently left was fading away into the distance.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It's late and I must be getting back." And then, with a puzzled frown, "Is the boat moving?"

Ransdell nodded with a smile and followed her to where she leaned against the porthole.

"I'm afraid we're too far from home for you to return now," he said softly, coming to her and taking her hand.

Mrs. Hillburn shrank back against the wainscoated wall, the blood leaving her face.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a strained frightened voice.

Ransdell tightened his hold upon her arm, striving to draw her to him.

"Oh, can't you see that I'm mad about you?" he whispered. "Ever since I saw you this afternoon I've been in flame with the thought of you; you've made me love you desperately."

Speech struggled faintly in broken gasps from the young wife's lips, as she sought to draw away her hand.

"Stop!" she cried hoarsely. "You must not talk that way. You have no right. I'm a respectable married woman. I came here thinking I was coming to dine with a gentleman. I wish to be put on shore at once!"

RANSDELL eyed her calmly. His ardor for her had not abated, it was evident, a particle. Indeed, her failure to respond seemed only to heighten his own interest.

"Ah, but what you wish and what is possible are two different things," he stated. "We are far from your village now. It will be impossible for us to return for hours. Meanwhile, I want to caress you."

Again he sought to clasp her, but she evaded him by moving to the other side of the cabin. He clasped her hand again, dropping on one knee.

"Have you no pity for my suffering?" he pleaded.

She shook her head blindly.

"Please don't talk that way!" she cried. "Please stop and let me go home. I ask you to do this for all you hold sacred. Please!"

His eyes gleamed and he smiled up at her.

"I hold nothing sacred," he declared, "save that which is in my arms."

Rising quickly, he drew her close to him and avidly sought her lips that were striving so desperately to avoid his. Thus they struggled until she broke from him, panting, exhausted, and started to flee up the cabin stairs. As she did so, he intercepted her by a quick leap and took her in his arms.

"Don't be a fool," he told her hoarsely, as she struggled weakly to free herself. Outside the lights of her harbor home were just disappearing over the horizon.

How did Mrs. Hillburn, the pretty young wife, free herself from the detention of a scoundrel and return to her village home? Read the next instalment of this gripping serial in next week's Movie Weekly.

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued from page* 15)

One can't imagine Cherbourg on such a night . . . damp as can be . . . the hotel without a fire . . . damp . . . damp . . . dolorous and mouldy, soaking into the room as it had, the night through, soaked into our bones . . . no hot water. A state of being where the most ordinary creature comforts were blandly disregarded. I made Natacha wrap up in as many blankets as we could corral and curl up in them, like a papoose. I did the same myself and prayed faintly that we might not meet another and more lingering death, having just escaped a swift one.

I had left word downstairs that we were to be awakened at eight-thirty, as the boat left at nine. But when I did awake this morning, I knew instantly, by instinct, that nine, that eight-thirty, had long since come and gone and the boat had gone with the hours. They had simply forgotten to call us, if, indeed, they had ever intended to. I got up and looked at my watch, which, like ourselves, was still, miraculously, alive and going and the watch said, "Eleven o'clock." I said aloud to Natacha, who had awakened when I got up, "They have forgotten us and we have missed the boat again."

The resignation that had been ours a few hours before seemed to be still with us, for neither of us said a word, simply looked at one another with solemn and immovable countenances.

I rang and thought I would have a little hot water, shave, bathe, and try to get into form again for the next move. But no. Ringing was of no avail. The maids were having their breakfasts!

I had to shave and bathe as best I could in cold water. I refrain from even thinking how poor Natacha managed to make her toilette.

While these pallid ablutions were going on, somebody, a shoemaker or someone, was singing the damndest song in the damndest voice, and he just about managed to break our resignation up into bits of rage and anger.

We are going to leave here in an hour. I have been writing this while Natacha has been contriving her bathing and dressing and in the meantime I have telephoned to the Casino Hotel for a room for the day. The President Adams arrives at the dock at eleven tonight and we shall take passage on that boat, God willing . . .

What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page* 20)

I am very fond of Valentino and consequently enjoy the pages about his trip, as told by himself. Like lots of readers, I do not see why you cheapen your weekly with fiction, when these pages could be given over to chats with the players and to constructive ideas, and I am sure several additional pages of questions and answers would be most acceptable. Anything that brings us in closer touch with the players will help to make your magazine more popular. *J. H. O.*

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He Steals the Picture

(*Continued from page 17*)

stuff"—undergoes—theoretically, that is.

Five years ago, Beery was having a hard time of it. He was afraid of losing the home he had built. He was working at the Lasky studio one morning, and was speaking of his financial troubles between scenes, as actors will. He heard a voice coming from behind him, asking calmly, "How much money do you need?" Beery looked around and beheld a certain well-known star whom, however, he did not know.

Beery was rather flabbergasted. "Why," he said, "I don't know. Why?"

"Because," said the star, whose name is withheld for obvious reasons, "I can lend you the money if you wish."

"Oh, I couldn't take it!" said Berry.

Nevertheless, to make a long story short, he did accept the money. It was $1,200. And he paid it back several months later. But the star refused to take the interest, telling Beery to buy his wife a nice arm chair. Beery thanked him over and over again, and told the star if he ever needed any help to call on him.

A few months ago a letter came to Beery from that star. The actor had had a bad year and sickness in his family. He asked for a loan of $1,500. Beery sent it to him, and the actor has returned it, together with a letter:

"You have done much more than merely help me financially," said the star. "You have restored my faith in human nature!"

Beery "steals pictures"—but he also steals hearts.

Bert

(*Continued from page 8*)

yourself as others see you. Seeing yourself on the screen shows you a lot of mannerisms you never realized you had," he pointed out. "For instance, I discovered that I had a funny way of rearing my head back; I never knew I did that. But the moment you try to correct those mannerisms, you become stiff and unnatural; they're part of you, part of your individuality.

"Yes, movies are much safer. However, I do want to try the stage again. But first I want to go back to Hollywood and make a few more pictures. I love Hollywood."

"But I thought First National was deserting Hollywood," I said, but he assured me that the film city was not to be altogether deserted.

"Don't you think it will be a good thing for the industry to leave Hollywood?" I asked. "In New York, screen players' private lives don't have the limelight shining on them so much, they're submerged. Whereas, in Hollywood—well, the public does *consider* it a den of iniquity."

BUT the worst thing Bert could say of Hollywood was that one is likely to stagnate mentally there; it's a sort of vacation place where one's inclination is to loaf. And then, of course, the fact that the screen people are given such undue prominence; they're the principal industry, the chief "sights" of the town for all the tourists, like the Woolworth Building, or Grant's Tomb.

In New York it's different; New York is full of celebrities. It's blasé.

"In a restaurant, for example," Bert explained, "New Yorkers might give you a passing glance of recognition, but that would be all.

"I don't mean to imply," he hastened to assure me, "that on occasions—say, on an opening night—an actor doesn't appreciate recognition. Popular acclaim is an indication of success; I wouldn't be sincere in saying I disliked such recognition.

"But there are times, on one of your bad days when you're feeling low and maybe you haven't had a shave—then it's an awful sensation to have people staring at you and recognizing you . . . hearing them say to themselves, 'So that's So-and-So. Gosh, he looks like a bum!'"

"They tell me, Mr. Lytell," I said deliberately, thereby giving the poor man a terrible shock, "that you're quite a heart-breaker."

Bert looked genuinely astonished.

"That's ridiculous," he protested, spiking Rumor No. 972 about the screen stars. Then—human nature being the same the world over—he leaned forward in eager curiosity.

"Who said that?" he demanded.

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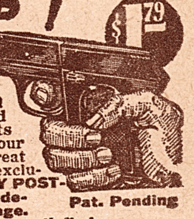

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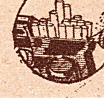

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Confessions of a Cameraman

(*Continued from page 23*)

reached the top of the stairs and opened the door to the work shop, the director turned and saw him, and rushed over to bawl him out for coming in at the wrong time, pushed him out of the door and closed it in his face, then turned to us at the cameras and motioned us to stop cranking.

We were yelling at him to jump out of one of the windows at the back of the set or he would be a dead man, but as everyone else was shouting at the same time, and there was the mistake of having that crowd there, he could not understand what we were saying.

He was standing there, trying to make out what we were trying to tell him, when a solid sheet of flame shot up in front of him, and then he realized what he was up against.

Even then, his first thought was not for his own safety, but for the picture, for he picked up the asbestos bag he was to get into, took his place over the small trap and started to climb into it.

He had just lifted one foot off the floor to put it into the bag when the trap burned through and down he went into that roaring furnace below. The fact that he was not able to get into the bag saved his life that day.

I saw a sight, when that man disappeared through the floor, that I never hope to see again, and one that as long as I live, I will never forget—the look that comes on a man's face when he faces certain death, and the most horrible death of all, that of being burned alive. And we were all fully convinced that we would never see him again, that there wasn't a chance for him.

The moment he disappeared into that fire, pandemonium broke loose, people started running around and yelling hysterically, three or four women spectators fainted, and we were all powerless to help, as you couldn't approach within fifty feet of that fire. It was so hot that even where we were with the cameras we had to shield our faces back of them to keep from getting scorched and if the wind had been blowing toward us we could never have stayed there.

Suddenly there was a shout from the crowd, and from that hole I described in the set, we saw the director crawl out, a mass of flame from his hair, which was blazing like a torch, to his clothes, and he was screaming with pain.

A DOZEN people immediately rushed to him and with whatever they could lay their hands on, beat out the fire, rushed him to an automobile, of which at that time there were plenty there, and rushed him to the hospital. He was in such agony that it took four men to hold him in that car on that trip.

In the meantime, the other man, after being pushed back on the stairs, stood bewildered for a moment, and as he started to go back down, they burned through and fell, leaving him with no choice but to open the door to the work shop and go in there.

We saw him through the flames as he landed, the weight of the asbestos suit carrying him down on his hands and knees, and then I saw a man do something which will always remain impressed on my memory as a brave and wonderful deed.

While he had not seen the director go down into the fire, he knew that he must have fallen in there, and with that roaring fire baking him in that two hundred pound asbestos suit, he searched every corner of that set looking for him.

You may think that all this took a long time to happen. It was just one minute and nine seconds from the time they applied the match to that set to the time we had to leave our cameras and run, and the reason I am so positive about the time is that we both had sixty-nine feet of exposed film in our cameras and we never stopped turning those cranks for one second.

The director was for days between life and death, as he had inhaled some of those flames, and even when he was pronounced out of danger, which was weeks after, he was in that hospital for five months and it is a miracle that he lived through it.

The other man was almost baked in his fireproof suit, and he was also invalided for several months, while the other cameraman and I looked as if we had been so badly sunburned that our faces peeled for a week after.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly, Mr. Perugini will pass over other thrilling phases of his interesting career. Don't miss it!

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 14)

contribution to the increasingly vast celluloid literature which strives to prove nothing whatever about the Younger Degeneration—otherwise known to directors and editors of comic supplements as "flappers."

This picture, considerably dignified by the capable presence of the agreeable Mr. Rockcliffe Fellowes, concerns itself in a melodramatic and fast-moving fashion with a secret agent, a collection of pretty girls with no visible means of support, several awfully tough villains, bootlegging and other odds and ends of plot. The action of the story, if any, is so *very* rapid it left our slow-moving mind miles behind. The plot is just one "xyz" thing after another, to wax profane, and you are either carried along with it, or you are not. We were not.

May Allison, is, as usual, most attractive, William Long, in a small and ruffianly bit, is most effective, and the rest of the cast do what's expected of them adequately enough. Though there *were* a group of young "clubmen" forever hovering in the background who evidently dressed in the dark and everyone got on everyone else's dress suit. But no matter.

If continuity isn't one of your favorite necessities in a film, you may get quite a kick out of "Flapper Wives." It isn't nearly so terrible as you might think.

The Colonel

(*Continued from page* 24)

through the Goldwyn Company, 469 Fifth Ave., New York. Yes, he speaks Spanish and so does Valentino. Rudy is twenty-nine; write him at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

LONG JOHN SILVER—Climene in "Scaramouche" was played by Edith Allen.

RICHARD P.—You see, I did publish your answers soon—scon as I could. Colleen Moore will be twenty-four on August 19th. She lives at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles. Edward Phillips lives at the Hollywood Hotel. He doesn't give his age.

GREEN EYES—Yes, sometimes I get a little tired of answering questions, but I like a good clean job and I'd rather do this than wash windows. Johnnie Walker is a New Yorker, though he now lives at 6851 Odin St., Los Angeles. His latest picture is "Mary the Third." Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen. The brother of Thomas Meighan in "Woman Proof" was played by Robert Agnew. He is twenty-five.

FLICKER AND CHUD—Colleen Moore is Mrs. John McCormick. Gloria Swanson is American, of Swedish descent. ZaSu Pitts' address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood. George Hackathorne lives at 667 S. Carondelet, Los Angeles, and Arline Pretty at Hillview Apts., Hollywood. Juanita Hansen plays in pictures so seldom now, she's hard to locate.

CAPTAIN—Allene Ray lives at 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, and Laura La Plante, see her ADMIRER. The others you ask about do not give their home addresses.

A B F. M.—You see, I'm answering your questions within several months, even though you are only twenty-four and have lots of time to wait. I don't know of any screen stars from Cincinnati.

A LOST BROTHER—I'm sorry I have no information concerning John Patrick; he must be a newcomer in pictures. Try him at the Buster Keaton Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, since he played in "Sherlock, Jr."

BROWN-EYED BLONDE—By the time you did write, you had saved up a lot of questions, hadn't you? May Beth Milford is about nineteen. Write her at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Lloyd Hughes lives at 601 S. Rampart St., Los Angeles, and James Rennie at 132 E. 19th St., New York. Clara Horton's home address is 4958 Marathon Ave., Los Angeles.

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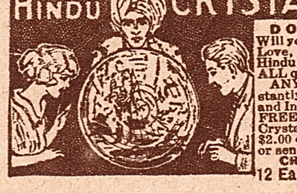

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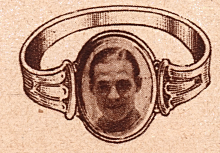

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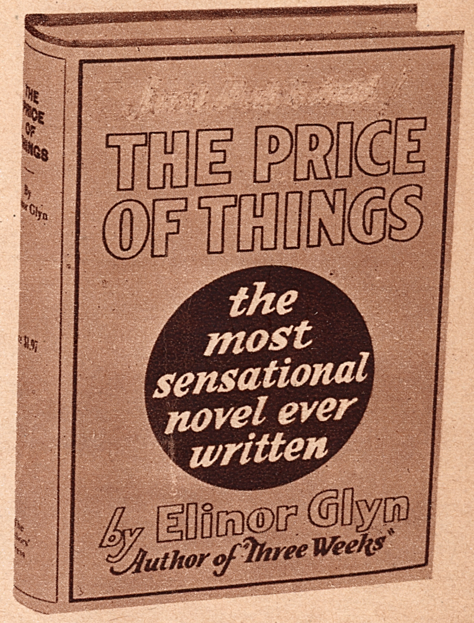

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He Steals
the Picture -
see page 16

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